'A FOURTH ON THE KYMOOSE," AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY NEXT WEEK.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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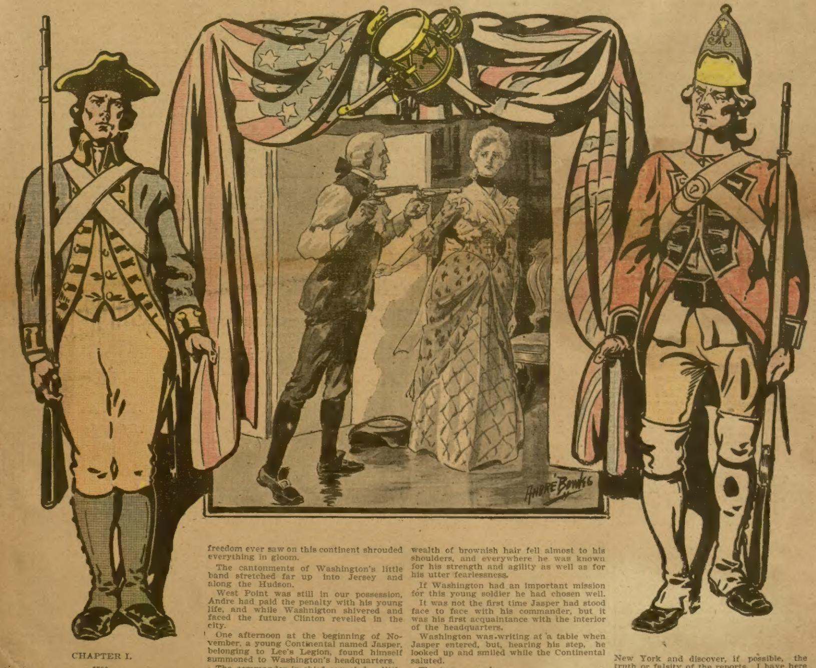
REDCOAT AND REBEL;

Or, The Old Tory's Ward. By T. C. Harbaugh.

AUTHOR OF "THE DENSMORE DIAMONDS,' "THE MISSING MILLION," ETC., ETC.



CHAPTER I.

1780.

It was the darkest period of the Revolution.

Everywhere the cause of the Colonists seemed at its lowest ebb; the British army under Sir Henry Clinton held undisputed possession of New York; Gates had been outgeneraled by Cornwallis in the South; and Arnold, one of the bravest of the brave, the hero of Quebec and Saratoga, had sold his honor and his country's for English gold.

The mighty Washington, overwhelmed by Arnold's treason, which had fallen upon the cause he loved like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, had cried out in the agony of his soul:

"Whom can we trust now?"

Other officers were suspected of conspiring with the enemy, mutiny stalked ghostlike through the ranks of the army, which was unclothed, unpaid and poorly fed, and the days that tried men's souls were not brightened by a single ray of sunshine.

The American army lay at Tappan, not far from New York, and the darkest hour freedom ever saw on this continent shrouded everything in gloom.

The cantonments of Washington's little band stretched far up into Jersey and along the Hudson.

West Point was still in our possession, Andre had paid the penalty with his young life, and while Washnigton shivered and faced the future Clinton revelled in the city.

One afternoon at the beginning of November, a young Continental named Jasper, belonging to Lee's Legion, found himself summoned to Washington's headquarters.

The commander-in-chief occupied a little old-fashioned house, the interior of which was quaintly decorated with Dutch tiles, and Jasper, as he made his way toward the well-known place, wondered what business Washington could have with him.

He found a guard pacing up and down in front of the house and when he came up the soldier straightened and demanded to know what he wanted.

"I come at the command of General Washington," said Jasper. "He has sent for me——"

"Let Sergeant Jasper pass," interrupted a voice from the interior of the house, for the day being warm, the door stood open, and the next moment the young soldier was saluting his honored chief.

Harvey Jasper had a reputation for coolness and bravery which was known throughout the army. He had enlisted at an early age, having a lov[illegible] for liberty, and his bravery displayed on [illegible]merous occasions had attracted the att[illegible]on of his [illegible] periors. He was rather ta[illegible]nd well-[illegible]. His deep blue ey[illegible] and fa[illegible] wealth of brownish hair fell almost to his shoulders, and everywhere he was known for his strength and agility as well as for his utter fearlessness.

If Washington had an important mission for this young soldier he had chosen well.

It was not the first time Jasper had stood face to face with his commander, but it was his first acquaintance with the interior of the headquarters.

Washington was writing at a table when Jasper entered, but, hearing his step, he looked up and smiled while the Continental saluted.

The two were alone.

"Sergeant," said Washington, "you have been recommended as a brave, discreet man. I need that sort of agent just now."

"At your service, sir," said Jasper, saluting again.

The Commander-in-Chief now lowered his voice after a glance at the outer guard.

"I want to send a secret agent to New York," he soon continued. "But first let me tell you that you need not accept the commission if you do not want to."

"I accept in advance, your excellency," was the prompt answer, whereupon Washington went on:

"I trust you realize the dangers that will beset you. You will have the fate of the gallant Hale before you, and this will be your guide to secrecy and discreetness. It is rumored that certain American officers contemplate following in the footsteps of Arnold. It is my desire to arrive at the truth of this story, if there is any truth in it, for [illegible] future treasons must be nipped in the [illegible]. You will, therefore, since you have [illegible] the [illegible]mission, proceed to New York and discover, if possible, the truth or falsity of the reports. I have here a list of some of our friends in the city—persons whom you can trust at all times," and the speaker shoved a paper toward Jasper who leaned forward and inspected it.

He found a list of perhaps twenty persons who resided in the city, people who under all circumstances were loyal to the American cause, but some of whom were not suspected by the enemy.

"This list you will commit to memory, for I do not want any writing to be found on your person in case you should be unfortunate. You will have no particular time to return to the army; but, if possible, I should be pleased to hear from you occasionally during your stay in the city. General Arnold is now there. He has a house on Lower Broadway, and it may be that you will be thrown in his company. Do not avoid such contact if it is offered, for it may be the means of furthering our schemes. Be discreet, cunning and sure. That is all. You can leave tonight, Sergeant, as that will probably be the best time for your venture. It will be [illegible] you know no moon, and you can take the route that suits you best."

Washington rose and seized the young soldier's hand.

"May heaven protect you," he said with feeling. "You are serving your country in this perilous venture and I shall pray for your safety and success."

Jasper assured the General that he would carry out his plans as best he could, saying that he was glad to have the opportunity to serve his beloved commander, and in another moment the young Continental was walking away.

"So I am going back to the old city," said Harvey Jasper with a smile as he traced his way back to his quarters. "I wonder how they are getting along there? I haven't seen Doris for some time, but her patriotism is unquestioned, though she is bothered all the time no doubt by that spitfire of an aunt and her guardian. Well, come what may out of this adventure, I will be serving my country, and if I perish I will have the satisfaction of having done so for the best cause on earth."

No one but the young soldier knew what had passed between him and Washington. At least that was the belief of the two.

He returned to his quarters cheerful and began to prepare for the trip.

Again he went over the list of patriots furnished by his commander and found that he had missed none. Arnold? Yes; he would throw himself into the traitor's path. He even hoped that he could get at the villain's throat, for ever since the execution of Major Andre, which he had witnessed, his hatred for Arnold had increased tenfold.

Night settled slowly down over the American army.

The long shadows stealing over the memorable scene chased away the last vestige of day and Jasper stole to the outskirts of the camp.

As he had been furnished with the countersign, he did not find it difficult to quit the lines, and, hastening toward the river, he was soon traveling toward the nearest ferry.

It was a ticklish mission. Well did he count the dangers as he threaded his way through the woods and along the bluffs. Washington had referred to the sad case of Nathan Hale, the patriot, who had been taken and hanged by this same foe, and he knew that should he be discovered his fate would be the same.

After awhile the young dragoon reached the ferry, where he found a boat, and, by representing himself as a citizen of New York returning home, he was taken across. Soon he stood on dangerous ground and long before the first arrows of day shot athwart the eastern sky he had passed the British lines and stood in the shadow of death.

Then he looked round him once more, caught sight of a British sentry in front of a house, crossed a street, and, plunging into a familiar alley, vanished from sight.

CHAPTER II.
IN THE TORY'S HOUSE.

"Come, friend Brant, fill your glass, and we will drink the health of His Majesty, the King!"

In an instant there was the clinking of glasses under the old Tory's roof, and a stentorian voice rang out:

"Here's long life to King George and confusion to his arch enemies, the rebels of North America! May they all see the gibbet before they die, and firfist of all their leader, Washington."

"That's it, Colonel. We drink your toast with glee. Down with the rebels and all their friends!"

"On land and sea!" cried another British officer, whose face showed tht he looked often upon the wine when it was red. "By the way, General Arnold, how are you coming on with your American Legion?"

Benedict Arnold, who was one of the feasters in Tory Brant's house, bowed and answered the officer quickly:

"Swimmingly, Major. I shall soon have the ranks full and then all I ask is to be shown some service for the boys."

"That's good. You will know how to keep your command well in hand, General. You have had some experience in handling rebels and we shall expect great things of your gallant Legion."

"And I am sure you will not be disappointed," was Arnold's reply, as he turned to answer a query from an officer at his right.

It was a merry party of British officers who had congregated at the palatial home of Fairfax Brant, the New York Tory, one of the richest of his ilk in the city, and a man who would have given his last penny to insure the success of the King's cause.

Brant lived in the then heart of New York, on one of the most fashionable streets, his large mansion a relic of early Manhattan days, and furnished with all the comforts of a stately home.

He did at times a banker's business, inasmuch as he loaned various sums of money to the British officers, some of whom paid him back, while others repudiated the debts and never showed up on pay-day. But Fairfax Brant did not care for this so long as he could entertain the King's soldiers, especially Sir Henry Clinton, who came often to his house and drank his wine.

The room in which the convivial party sat at a long table lighted with magnificent candelebra which flooded all with a soft radiance, was large. On its walls were hung portraits of Brant's ancestors, of whom he was very proud, though many of his visitors wondered if they were like their host, proud of their ancestry and fond of being noticed and wine.

"I say," called out a young officer at the end of the table, "I wonder if the last report from the American camp is true."

"What's that, Captain?"

"Why, the report is that several regiments have mutinied and talk of imprisoning Washington himself."

"If they do, I trust they'll send the arch rebel this way. We have a gibbet waiting for him, eh, General Arnold?"

Arnold colored, but did not reply beyond a faint smile which might have been taken in more ways than one.

Perhaps the traitor thought of the gibbet waiting for him if he should fall into the hands of the men he had betrayed. If he had any conscience he must have thought of the gallant young officer he had sent to his doom in order that he might drink at Tory Brant's table and eat the fruits of treason.

"I don't take stock in everything I hear," said another officer at this juncture. "Washington enjoys the respect of his army, and I give him credit for some good generalship. We should treat even our enemies fairly."

Before any one could reply to this opinion the door opened and a beautiful young girl came forward.

In an instant all eyes were turned upon her for she was known to be Miss Doris Morris, Brant's ward, one of the fairest women in the city, and noted for her vivacity and leanings toward the American cause.

Doris approached Brant and laid a letter at his elbow. Several of the young officers at the festal board bowed to the young girl and playfully lifted their glasses as if they would drink her health, but she did not appear to notice them, but stepped back while her guardian broke the seal of his letter.

Silence went around the table, while Brant, a man of sixty, but strikingly handsome for his years, adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses and gave his attention to the communication.

Those who watched him closely, and among them was Arnold, saw color desert his cheeks and his hand trembled for a moment.

When he had finished reading the letter he turned to Arnold and tossed it to him.

"This seems to be meant partly for you, General," said Tory Brant. "Perhaps you can block this little game if it is really true."

Arnold took the letter and in a moment he had mastered its contents, for it was a short one.

He glanced up at Brant when he had finished, and folding the paper, handed it back.

"I'll take care of these fellows, friend Brant," the traitor said, with a nod of assent. "They will have to get up very early if they expect to catch us napping."

"There will be no reply, Doris," remarked the Tory, turning to his fair ward, who was waiting near the door. "Tell the messenger that he will be seen later. Stay, girl! I'm sure our guests would like to have you sing."

Doris blushed to the roots of her dark brown hair and dissented. She did not care to sing. In fact, she was not in the humor at all just then, but the officers would not listen.

"Sing 'The Wounded Rebel,'" said Brant, in tones of command. "General Arnold has never heard it and I dare say he would like to hear your voice."

Doris looked appealingly at Arnold, who smiled while he colored a little.

"I certainly would like to hear Mistress Marlowe sing," said he. "And if she would oblige us——"

"Sing! Sing!" cried the younger officers in unison. "We want to hear the song of the wounded rebel."

Seeing that further remonstrance might anger her guardian, for Fairfax Brant was quick-tempered, Doris stepped forward and began to sing. Her voice was of excellent volume and soon the old room was echoing to the strains which she poured forth, while the British officers sat silent like persons entranced.

When she finished all clapped their hands, and Doris, flushing again, was about to withdraw when the young captain proposed a toast to her. Immediately the utmost hilarity broke forth, and while Doris was forced to remain while the toast was drunk standing it was apparent that it was an unpleasant experience for her.

"She's a pretty witch," said one of the guests as the young girl withdrew.

"As pretty as a nymph," was the answer. "Too devilish pretty to reign in old Brant's house."

The last remark was spoken in a whisper, for had the Tory heard it he might have resented it.

In another moment Arnold rose from the table and picked up his military cloak that hung on the back of the chair.

"You will excuse me, gentlemen," he said, bowing in a courtly manner to the party. "Business of importance calls me away. I trust we may meet again soon."

His wish was echoed by all and the traitor withdrew.

Then it was that Fairfax Brant picked up the letter which lay at his elbow, and holding it in sight of all, said, solemnly:

"Gentlemen, I have tidings of the utmost importance. General Washington has sent a spy into the city, a man who comes to play a great hand in this game of war. The information which I have just given to General Arnold I now give to you."

In another moment the room resounded to the cry of "Death to the rebel spy!" uttered simultaneously by every officer present.

Somebody had betrayed Harvey Jasper.

CHAPTER III.
CROSS PURPOSES.

About the hour of two the day following the gathering at Fairfax Brant's house there halted in front of this same mansion a handsome carriage drawn by a pair of splendid horses almost milk white in color. The man who handled the reins was dressed in livery and looked as if he belonged to the entourage of some princess of the royal blood.

Springing from his elevated seat, he opened the door of the vehicle and gallantly assisted to alight a young lady who was sumptuously clad and beautiful. Her manner as well as her dress betokened wealth and refinement, and, in fact, she belonged to the best society of the day, was a favorite at all the social gatherings, and had been toasted at more than one banquet which the British officers graced.

Minon Ducros was of French origin. Left an orphan some years before the outbreak of the Revolution, she had fallen heir to an immense estate which her father had accumulated, and therefore she was one of the richest personages in the city. Her sympathies were with the rown and she lost no opportunity to show them. She ever berated the "rebels," and more than once had spoken of "that rebel Washington and his ragamuffin army."

Springing up the steps that led to the front door of the Brant mansion, she lifted the brazen knocker, and in a moment was admitted.

It was not her first visit to the Tory's house; but her coming that afternoon without having an engagement showed that she had business of importance to transact there.

In a few minutes she found herself in the spacious parlor of the old place and face to face with Doris' aunt. This lady was on the shady side of fifty, somewhat younger than her husband, and still showed traces of former beauty.

Miss Ducros' manner was haughty and somewhat cold, and when the formalities had passed she asked for Miss Doris.

The name had barely passed her lips ere the door leading into the parlor opened and that young lady stood before her.

Minon flashed a look of cold hauteur at the Tory's ward which Doris received calmly, but the next moment the storm broke forth.

"I am here," said Miss Ducros, "to say I have had enough of this double play on your part."

She was looking straight into Doris' face and her eyes betrayed the anger that tugged at her heart.

"The double play?" said Doris. "I would be pleased to have you explain."

"What! Do you not know already what I mean?" was the quick, impulsive reply. "You know that you have encouraged the attentions of Major Secor, and——"

Doris Marlowe interrupted the speaker with a laugh.

"Really, Miss Ducros, you will do me a favor if you carry him off yourself."

For a moment the haughty woman in the deep arm-chair looked perplexed, but the following second she flashed again:

"You need not belie your looks and words. I am a reader of character and can sift deception to the bottom. You know that Major Secor belongs to me——"

"If you can win him," broke in Aunt Avice at this juncture. "All's fair in love and war, they say."

"That is trite," returned Miss Ducros, abating none of her feelings. She turned from the elderly lady, who, as was more than suspected, wanted the handsome Major Secor to win the hand of Doris.

"Listen to me! That girl there," and Minon covered Doris with an outstretched hand, "has deliberately taken up the conquest of Major Secor's heart, and I will not submit to it."

"Cannot the doughty Major choose for himself?" queried Aunt Avice. "Must two women quarrel over a man when there are thousands in the world?"

Minon flushed.

"This must stop!" and she stamped her little foot on the soft carpet. "I am here to say that you must forever give up your play against me. I love Major Hark Secor of His Majesty's service and I will brook no rival."

"Rival, indeed," laughed Doris. "You can have the Major and welcome, Miss Ducros."

"More than this. I will not submit to having my name bandied in the officers' clubs as one who has been driven from the field by a girl. I will not listen another moment to the vile slanders that have been circulated against me."

"Neither would I," cried Doris. "I would not rest until I had tracked the slanderer down, and——"

"You have not been silent, Miss," almost screamed the haughty beauty. "But the other night at Mrs. Courtney's ball you danced wtih Major Secor——"

"Because he requested the favor," put in Doris, in mild manner. "I am astonished. You have raised a tempest in a teapot, for I assure you that I have no idea of robbing you of any conquest you may make in the field of love."

This only served to doubly anger the other woman, who approached the calm Doris and halted within a few feet of her.

"Why don't you go back to your rebel lover?" she cried. "Why don't you try to convert him to the cause of the King before the halter draws on his precious neck? No; you exert your graces to rob another woman that you may parade your triumph in public and cause unmentionable chagrin."

To this outburst of wrath the Tory's ward did not reply, but turned away and crossed the room to the piano where she sat down and ran her fingers over the keys.

Minon Ducros watched her with white face and clenched hands.

All the passions of a jealous nature surged up in her heart and seemed to find exit at her tongue's end.

The soft strain of a popular song floated up from the instrument and before it died away Minon was at Doris' side.

"Cross me again and you will live to regret it!" she hissed, her face almost touching the fresh cheek of the fair young girl.

Doris turned her head and for a moment looked Minon squarely in the face.

"I have denied all knowledge of trying to captivate Major Secor. Is not that enough?"

"What is your denial when I have the facts in my possession?" was the rejoinder. "Are you waiting till they have hung your rebel lover, till Sir Henry Clinton—"

"Enough! Leave the rest unsaid!" cried Doris, springing up and confronting the haughty beauty. "You have intimated that I am a rebel. I know where your sympathies are. I know that you are with the royal oppressor who sends his soldiers across the water to subdue those who would breathe unmolested the air of freedom.

"Rebel, am I?" she went on, stepping back a pace. "I do not deny it. Aunt Avice and Uncle Fairfax know that I want the Colonies to gain their independence, that Washington and not King George is my hero, that I despise the traitor who has fled to this city loaded down with British gold——"

"Beware! young minx!" broke in Minon. "Better not let General Arnold hear of this."

"General Arnold, whom I despise, may hear of it sooner than he expects since I have spoken in your presence. A rebel! Go forth and tell everybody if you will that Doris Marlowe's heart is not with the King, but that it beats alone for the cause of liberty in North America."

"Do you permit such language in this house?" demanded Minon, wheeling as she spoke. "Do you, Mrs. Brant——"

She checked herself suddenly, for Aunt Avice had stolen from the room, and she was alone with Doris.

"I speak my sentiments whenever I please!" cried the patriot girl. "They have never made me drink the health of the King in this house, and they never will!"

"Never mind! Keep out of my way and your hands out of Minon Ducros' love affairs," and with this Minon flaunted toward the door, and Doris was alone.

CHAPTER IV.
THE HOUNDS AND THEIR QUARRY.

The reader will recall the incident of the letter which was conveyed to Fairfax Brant while entertaining the British officers in his house the night preceding Minon Ducros' visit to Doris. The perturbation of General Arnold when he perused the letter was apparent to every one.

It told him, as it had told his host, that a spy had been sent from General Washington's army and that by that time was somewhere in the city.

Several days had intervened between Harvey Jasper's exit from the American camp and the last scenes we have recorded, and Jasper had not been discovered.

The whole spy catching machinery of the British General had been called into requisition, but so far without avail, though those who had the affair in charge assured Clinton that ere long they would run the rebel down.

If there were spies in the British camp there were enemies to freedom in Washington's.

Some one had been cognizant of Jasper's departure as well as his mission, else Fairfax Brant would not have received the letter conveying this astounding intelligence.

So accurate was this letter that Harvey Jasper was mentioned by name, though Brant had not thought it best to mention it to his guests after Arnold's departure. Arnold knew of Jasper; he had even recommended him for promotion, and he knew, too, that Washington could not have sent a better man on the secret mission.

Therefore, when General Arnold left the banquet board, it was with the intention of running this American spy to earth, and at the same time show his zeal in the King's cause.

He had some desperate characters in the American Legion he was recruiting, and some of these he called into his presence and acquainted them with the exigencies of the case.

It was the night after Minon Ducros' visit that a man might have been seen to dodge into a dark alley not far from the Brant house. The gloom of the place quickly swallowed him up, but in a few moments he vaulted over a fence in the rear of the Brant garden and was again lost to view.

Sir Henry Clinton was giving a grand ball on that particular night to the elite of the city and most of his officers were present. The grand rooms also swarmed with the fashionables and beauties of old New York, and all was going as merry as a marriage bell.

The darkish figure which had vanished down the alley to reappear in the garden had not been invited to the General's ball. Indeed, it would not have been safe for him to have put in an appearance there, as a rope awaited him if caught.

Making his way across the garden the man reached the rear porch, where he found a door upon which he rapped gently.

In another moment the portal swung inward and a young girl's face, half revealed by the candle she carried in one hand, greeted him.

The moment their eyes met there was a slight cry on the girl's part, but this was quickly checked as the man darted past her and halted in the hall.

"Heavens!" cried Doris. "You risk much in coming here. The house is watched and has been for two days."

"I am here, Doris," said Harvey Jasper, in low tones, accompanied by a smile, fearless in its very nature. "They have not caught me yet, though I hear they are after the American spy."

"The whole city is being scoured for you. In the first place, your coming was announced in this house almost before you had left the American camp."

"Some one there has betrayed Washington," said Jasper through his clenched teeth. "I think I could pick out the scoundrel; but never mind, Doris. We will attend to that some other time."

"I am alone in the big house and the folks will not return for some time, since Sir Henry's ball will not break up till late."

"They are having a great time there," smiled Harvey Jasper. "I did not go in."

"I should think not," was the answer. "Unless you quit the city soon you will find every avenue of escape blocked, and the fate of poor Hale will be yours."

"They haven't caught their quarry yet," was the quick rejoinder. "I know the byways of New York pretty well. I haven't lived here for nothing, Doris."

Before the young girl could reply a sound reached the ears of both, and Doris' face blanched.

"It is at the front door," she cried. "The soldiers are there!"

"And yonder on the back porch," cried Harvey. "I hear footsteps there as well. They think they have the fox at last," and he laughed as he heard the knock repeated at the front door.

Doris was already across the room and her hand rested on the knob of the door leading into the main hall of the old house.

"Open here—in the King's name!" cried a loud voice from the outside.

"That's the summons," said Doris, looking at young Jasper. "You have risked your very life tonight."

"But in a good cause," was the answer, as Jasper, springing across the room, caught Doris in his arms and kissed her. "You can let the hounds in in a moment."

He drew from underneath his coat a brace of pistols, which he cocked and looked again at the girl.

"No, no; that would be foolish!" cried Doris. "You must not think of resistance here. There are too many out there. Here, this way. I showed you the secret passage when the American army held the city. It remains the same, I think. Uncle Fairfax used it then, and I never heard that he has had it closed. Go down and pass through it. You know it leads to the other house on Pearl street. After that you will be safe."

Doris had opened a small door which led to a flight of steps, and while she pointed to the stair she looked at Harvey with eyes aflame with love.

"I can't hold them out long," she went on. "I dare not compromise this house by having a spy found within its walls. Go, and may Heaven protect you, Harvey."

Again Jasper caught the young girl to his bosom and pressed her hand.

"This is only au revoir," he laughed. "In the service of the mighty Washington life is nothing to risk."

He looked at her again and then sprang down the steps, Doris shutting the door behind him.

"She's worth risking more than life for," ejaculated the young spy as he reached the bottom of the flight to find himself in total darkness. "So long as there are rebels like Doris Marlowe, so long will freedom have a foothold on the shores of North America."

Already he heard voices of men overhead.

Doris had admitted the soldiers to the house, and they were searching it for him.

Groping his way across the cellar to which he had descended, Harvey Jasper reached a certain corner from which he knew the secret passage ran. But the moment he touched the wall his heart seemed to sink within him. The wall was as solid there as elsewhere. The secret doorway had been walled up!

"We'll look down in the cellar, Miss," he heard a man's voice say. "Then man has been tracked to the house, but he may have turned aside at the last moment."

"Very well," replied Doris. "You can search the cellar."

Horror! The girl upstairs thought he had found the secret door and escaped. She did not know that the place had been walled up. Jasper drew his pistols and stepped back. In an instant the door above would be opened and a flood of light would reveal him to, the redcoats.

It was a moment of terrible suspense. He stood in the shadow of the gallows. A second passed, then came the sound of a key in a lock and the door swung open.

The soldiers of the King were upon him!

This thrilling story of Revolutionary days will be continued in next week's Ledger. All subscribers are still sent our cameras and patterns free as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

POWERFUL

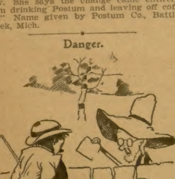
A Pure Food Drink Has Great Sustaining Power.

The sustaining power of Postum Coffee when properly cooked is greater than most people imagine and it is well illustrated in the story told by a young Texas woman who says: "I almost lived on Postum Cereal Coffee for over a month and there was over a week I did not eat anything at all but just drank the food drink Postum and yet I grew stronger and gained weight.

"Our family physician examined Postum and decided to use it altogether in place of coffee. We all think it has no equal as a nourishment for the sick for beside being pleasant to the taste it is so strengthening. My father and mother have always been coffee drinkers and suffered all kinds of troubles from the coffee until about a year ago a neighbor was praising Postum and mother decided to try it.

"They improved at once and have drank Postum ever since and mother, who used to be bothered with nervousness and sleeplessness particularly, is in splendid health now. She says the change came entirely from drinking Postum and leaving off coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Danger.



"So you're keeping a sharp lookout for work?"

"Yes, indeed, boss; a feller can't be too careful dese days. Might run into it any minute!"

From Bad to Worse.

"I heard you got fired yesterday," said the toy pistol.

"That's right," rejoined the shotgun, "and that isn't the worst of it—I lost my wad at the same time."

Hard to Locate.

If there's a real "tornado belt,"
'Tis time to make it known.
The whirling terror seems to have
All places for its zone.

An Unfortunate Investment

BY M. SILINGSBY.

Our object in submitting to our intelligent readers the following spicy incident, coming under the writer's immediate observation, is not so much to set forth gaming in an alluring form, as to show the inconsistency of some in evading all moral responsibility in matters of this kind, whenever they imagine the advantages securely in their favor.

While journeying through the State of New York a few years ago, I halted in a small village, comprising, perhaps, some two or three thousand inhabitants.

It was a gala day which marked my arrival there; for a traveling circus company had arrived in town that morning, to the great delight and admiration of the villagers and people from the surrounding country, who were flocking in squads in the direction of the enchanted ground, dressed out, with the exception of some few shabby specimens, in their Sunday best.

With difficulty I had my horse provendered, and afterward elbowed my way into the interior of the "pavilion," as it was called by the noisy vender of tickets.

I succeeded in securing a seat at the feet of what I considered to be a freshly-married couple, into which I contrived to wedge myself in a very uncomfortable manner, just as the band struck up "Yankee Doodle."

"Oh, my! ain't that splendid?" cried the young wife, with a sudden burst of enthusiasm. It ought, with justice, to have been pronounced little short of execrable.

The young farmer, as his appearance indicated, made no reply, but looked straight toward the entrance when he expected the troop to emerge.

The young wife looked vexed at his indifference to her appeal.

"I don't b'lieve you've got a mite of an ear for music, Albert," she at length said, petulantly.

"No, Jane," he replied, with stolid composure; "I never had much of a hankerin' fur it. I'd rather see the clown and them other circus chaps—I had."

I drew the inference from appearances that the wife laid greater pretentions to sharp intelligence, taste and refinement than her liege lord, and I became immediately more interested in the rustic young couple—the one with her vivacious black eyes, pretty face, and loquacious tongue, and the other with his generally unruffled stolidity, except when some stereotyped witticism dropped form the lips of the clown, when he would open his mouth with a broad guffaw, which showed there could exist no disease, constitutional or otherwise, in his robust, expanding chest.

The feats of horsemanship, of ground and lofty tumbling, seemed particularly to astonish and delight Albert, who had unquestionably never witnessed a similar exhibition in all his life; while Jane infinitely preferred the comic songs and the pantomime that concluded the performance, declaring most emphatically that she didn't like to see them ride horseback standing up, nor tumbling over their heads backward and forward, as though they didn't know which end they belonged onto. It made her so dizzy-like.

Interested in the unsophisticated pair, I kept my eye on them as they made their way out of the pavilion, in close proximity to a small side-show, on the canvas of which was daubed in coarse, flaring colors, half a dozen monkeys and a mammoth snake, not omitting a very rude likeness of what they were pleased to call "the famous Australian children," where a sharky-looking, glib-tongued individual, in plaid vest and pants, with unbecoming long hair, and a knowing twirl to his mustache, stood mounted on a barrel, haranguing the gaping and jostling crowd with a most graphic account of the wonderful children, who had doubtless never seen Australia, and the several other remarkable objects of human interest then and there on exhibition; the whole of which, the greatest and most unrivaled attraction in the world, might be witnessed by the admiring beholder for the meager trifle of one dime.

Any one will recognize the picture who has ever seen one of these catch-penny impositions; but for all the caution, we presume many of our readers will rush just as eagerly to witness the next one that appears as if we had kept our own private opinion to ourself.

Albert and Jane—I was never able to ascertain their surnames—were standing just in front of me, listening with open-mouthed wonder, to the persuasive falsehoods of the fellow on the barrel, till the crowd began to hand up their dimes, one after another, and drop in, when I heard the wife whisper, excitedly:

"Do let us go in, Albert, before everybody gets in and the place is filled up. You've got five dollars and a half, and five will buy my new dress and trimmings."

The argument was not be resisted, and the more prudent but less decided Albert came down with the two dimes.

I did not follow them in, for I knew they would both come out disgusted with the swindle soon enough; but, nevertheless, I determined to wait near the entrance and watch the result.

As the dissatisfied spectators began to steal out, mostly with indifference or disgust, and sometimes angry disappointment depicted in their faces, to the cracked tones of a barrel-organ and Jewish cimbals, the long-haired orator descended from his temporary rostrum and dexterously drew three cards from his pocket.

"Gentlemen and ladies," he exclaimed, patronizingly, holding up the three cards to view—a queen, knave and ace—"I am about showing you a nice little game, where, if you were so inclined, any one of you or every one of you, might make your fortunes in an hour, providing your eyes are sharp enough. Here it is——"

And he opened his little game of three-card-monte by first exhibiting a card, and then laying it carefully, face down, on the barrel-head, with a corner slightly bent, so that only a very keen observer would notice it. It was the queen of diamonds.

He next showed up the knave of clubs, and, laying that face down by the queen, followed the same formula with the ace of spades.

He then adroitly commenced the process of changing the positions of the cards in a most rapid and tantalizing manner for a brief space, when he abruptly inquired if any one could guess which was the "queen."

The sharp eyes of the young farmer's wife were upon him, and she had closely kept track of the queen from the turned-up corner she had at first noticed.

"I can!" she cried, confidently, putting herself forward among the crowd of masculine lookers-on, much to the annoyance of the less demonstrative Albert.

"Well," returned the sharper, with great urbanity, "here is an opportunity to win money, if you are sure. There is five dollars," he added, laying a note representing the sum specified on the barrel-head, "that not one of the company present can point out the queen among these cards."

The young woman stood fidgeting, but I could tell by the expression of her countenance that she still entertained unshaken confidence in her detective powers.

No one, however, offered to accept the wager.

"Well," said the sharper, after an eloquent pause, "I think you must all be in independent circumstances in this place, as none of you care to make money."

His restless eye roved from face to face, as though he were taking a brief inventory of their thoughts, and finally rested on the eager, excited features of the young farmer's wife.

"Do you think you can pick out the queen, young woman?"

"Yes, I do," she answered, promptly, and with nervous confidence.

"Well, then, if you are quite sure, why do you not accept the wager?"

She turned and whispered a few eager words to Albert, but the stolid fellow shook his head dubiously, as though vaguely impressed with some faint conception of something wrong.

"Albert thinks I'd better not," she replied, with a disappointed look; "but I can tell you which card it is."

"Be kind enough, then, to oblige us by telling," said the sharper, blandly.

The young woman touched a card at the suggestion, and the gambler turned it up.

It was the queen of diamonds, sure enough.

"There," he said, with cool indifference, "you perceive how easy you could have won."

The young wife threw a swift glance at Albert, half-indignation, half-triumph, as much as to say: "There, you stupid! Didn't I tell you so!"

The adroit angler saw that his hook was baited, and he again commenced manipulating the cards, seeming not to have noticed the corner that was so slightly bent.

He went through the same proceedings as before, leaving the five-dollar note where he had first laid it, and, turning toward his watchful but still confident victim:

"Do you think you can point it out this time?"

The confident young woman, who saw the same corner turned up as before, answered his question quickly in the affirmative.

"Well, then, the offer is still standing to whoever chooses to close with it."

The young woman turned to the husband and whispered something in his ear.

I could not quite make it out, except from guesswork.

Albert shook his head. She expostulated. He shook it again; and she grew impatient, even angry at the restraint.

"I know which the card is," she at length said, with angry vehemence, "and if you don't bet now, when you are sure to win, I won't never——"

"But I never did bet," expostulated Albert, in seeming trepidation at the half-expressed threat of his indignant better-half.

"Well, then, there is the money you can get, if you've got the spunk of a chicken left in you."

"I'd rather not bet, Jane," he said, demurely. "I never did, and I don't want to."

"Well, then, give me the money, and let me do it," she answered, with an air of feminine bravadoism.

Albert hesitated, as if reluctant to yield the point.

"If you don't give me that money, Albert, I won't stir a step home with you tonight," and she stamped her little foot with angry impatience at Albert's obstinacy.

I suppose the poor fellow could not bear the thought of so unhappy a termination to a day so pleasantly begun, and he reluctantly surrendered his purse.

With nervous fingers the young wife opened the purse, while the vanquished Albert stood ruefully regarding her, and removing a five-dollar note—the only one it contained—she laid it with an air of triumph beside the other.

"Please draw the card, marm," said the sharper, with a cool indifference, apparently, as to the result.

She had kept a sharp eye all the while, as she supposed, on the one with the slightly turned corner, and made her selection accordingly. Imagine her astonishment on turning the chosen card to find, instead of the queen of diamonds, the knave of clubs.

For a moment she gazed at it like one demented. Then she looked up with an expression of angry inquiry into the smiling face of the sharper, and as some of the bystanders began to titter, she turned toward her husband with a half-humiliated, half-indignant expression, and seizing him by the arm, exclaimed:

"Come, Albert, let's go right straight home!"

And as they started hurriedly off together, she hurled scornful glances back upon the unsympathizing crowd.

I followed a few steps behind to the place where I had stabled my horse, and the last words I heard the discomfited young wife say, were:

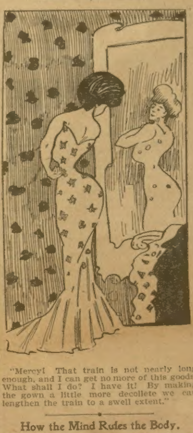
"I won't ask you for that dress, now, Albert, 'till you get your wood down the 'slide' this winter."

It was indeed a severe lesson to the unsophisticated young couple, as well as a timely rebuke upon the depravity of gambling, which will undoubtedly serve them as a warning through their whole lives.

Rather Too Much Pepper.

The Jumpers are a religious sect flourishing in various parts of the country who literally follow the scriptural injunctions to take no thought for the morrow, believing the Lord will provide all that is necessary for their existence. There are a considerable number of these Jumpers in the vicinity of Denver. The leader in one of the households in the community ran somewhat bare recently and the head of the establishment considered it his duty to make conditions known to the Almighty. Accordingly at the next meeting of the Church he sent up the following remarkable petition:

"O, good Lord, we are out of everything. Please, O, Lord, send us a barrel of flour and please, O, Lord, send us a barrel of pickled pork, and please, O, Lord, send us a barrel of potatoes, and please, O, Lord, send us a barrel of salt and please, O, Lord, send us a barrel of pepper—oh, h—l, that's too much pepper. Please, O, Lord, don't send us quite so much pepper."



"Mercy! That train is not nearly long enough, and I can get no more of this goods. What shall I do? I have it! By making the gown a little more decollete we can lengthen the train to a swell extent."

How the Mind Rules the Body.

Thought is being recognized more and more at its proper value in the work of the world, material and moral. By people of views varying greatly in detail, the power of thought is stated to be almost omnipotent in human affairs. Practical demonstrations of seemingly marvelous results are convincing unthinking and material minds. Scientific experiments, instead of destroying the claims of the thinkers, substantiate them, and give scientific explanations.

Professor W. G. Anderson, of Yale University, lately succeeded in practically weighing the result of a thought's action. A student was placed on a "muscle-bed," poised on a balance so that the center of gravity of his body was exactly over its center. When he was set to solving mathematical problems the increased weight of blood at his head changed his center of gravity and caused an immediate dip of the balance to that side. Repeating the multiplication table of nines caused greater displacement than repeating the table of fives, and, in general, that displacement grew greater with greater intensity of thought. Carrying the experiment further, the experimenter had the student imagine himself going through leg-gymnastics. As he performed the feats mentally, one by one, the blood flowed to the limbs in sufficient quantities to tip the balance according to the movement thought of. By purely mental action the center of gravity of the body was shifted four inches, or as much as by raising the doubled arms above the shoulders. These experiments were repeated on a large number of students with the same results.

To test still further the mastering influence of mind over muscle, the strength of the right and the left arms of eleven young men was registered. The average strength of the right arms was one hundred and eleven pounds; of the left arms, ninety-seven pounds. The men practiced special exercises with the right hand only for one week. Tests of both arms were again made, and, while the average strength of the right arm had increased six pounds, that of the unexercised left arm had increased seven pounds. This showed clearly that the brain action connected with the gymnastics developed not only the muscles put in action, but also other muscles controlled by the same portion of the brain. This could only come about by sending blood and nervous force to the proper parts by purely mental action. Professor Anderson says of the results:

"I can prove by my muscle-bed that the important thing in all exercises is the mental effort put forth. I can lie down on this muscle-bed and think of a jig, and, though apparently my feet do not move, and actually the muscles are not active, the muscle-bed sinks toward my feet, showing that there has been a flow of blood toward the muscles, and that, if I did dance a jig, the muscles would be well supplied with blood under this mental stimulus."—J. Lincoln Brooks, in Success.

Who Robbed the Citizens' Bank?

OR, A DREAM COME TRUE. BY HELENA BALLARD WHITE.

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PART II.

When the prisoner was seated before his uncle in the back room of the bank, he explained that a college friend, who had been a class-mate, had loaned him five thousand dollars, and that amount judiciously invested had cleared fifty thousand, and, if it were necessary, his friend would come on within a few days and testify to the fact.

"No, you have got the wrong man, uncle," he said, "but I can't blame you for your suspicions; leaving as I did, and making the haul, looked bad for me, I am ready to acknowledge. But you're barking up the wrong tree!"

"Well, why in the devil didn't you prove your innocence before they started with you, since it was so dead easy and your friend, as you have told me, was with you at the time of your arrest?"

"Well, I probably had my reasons," said Atherton, with exasperating indifference.

"Where did your chum, your very generous friend, get the money to loan you? He must be pretty well heeled."

"No, he isn't especially, but he got the money from his mother. She has plenty. After I took out the fifty, I threw in ten thousand more and I expect to make a good haul out of that, which I shall divide with Gus, the fellow who obliged me with the loan, and, thank God, I have paid mother back."

"Oh, Atherton, my poor boy!" sobbed Mrs. Herron, as she broke in upon them. "To see you with those handcuffs on! I never thought that such a day would come to you. It is just horrible! Jake, how can you believe the dear boy is guilty?"

"It's a downright outrage, that's what it it," said Mary, who now stepped before Atherton and stood looking at him pitifully. "It almost makes me hate you, father. Please don't let them take him to jail. If you do—if you do this thing, father, I—I fear that I shall never care for you again. Don't make me feel this way toward you, father—you whom I have always loved so greatly. You're just breaking my heart, that's what you're doing. Don't disgrace"—

The sentence remained unfinished, for Mary broke down entirely and wept violently.

"There, there, never mind, my pet, I guess it's about settled. I suppose I have been too hasty. There, run along home with mother, and Atherton and I shall soon follow. No doubt I have been all wrong in the matter, and I thank God I have. Atherton, my boy, forgive me if you can," the old gentleman continued in a husky voice, as he took the manacled hand in his own.

"Oh, that is all right, uncle, any one would have thought and have acted just as you have in the matter."

"I wonder if that scoundrel, Joe Dean, could have done it? I'll swear I was never so perplexed—there Mary, you and mother hurry along and cook us a nice dinner, we'll be there pretty soon."

"It is strange, uncle, that you did not single him out in the first place. Now I believe he is the culprit. But remember this, whoever it is, I shall hunt him out if it takes a lifetime; I've got to clear my name beyond all suspicion."

"Why, of course I thought of the fellow, but he remained here in the next town, while you skipped out. My attention was naturally turned to you, especially after hearing of the deal you made. I knew it could not have been done with brown paper. Now I shall have that fellow spotted. But here, we must get off these handcuffs, they do not exactly become you, Atherton. It is too bad that you've been made to suffer this public disgrace, but I'll make amends—I'll make amends as far as I can."

Mrs. Herron and Mary were standing on the piazza when, half an hour later, Atherton and his uncle walked home locked arm in arm, laughing heartily as they reached the dooryard. They had just met the station agent, who told them about Mary's turning on the ex-cashier.

"Let me see your hands, Mary," said her father, as they stepped to the veranda. "They tell me you have unusually long, sharp claws. What a girl, what a vixen!" he said, laughing and patting her head.

Mary held out her hands that he might inspect her nails, saying: "I have just trimmed them, to be rid of the stain. How I despise that miserable Joe Dean! You had best get after him, father, for I hear he is going to marry Anna Holden, and she has a new piano that her father certainly did not buy, for he is as poor as a church mouse. The agent was telling me about it. They are to be married next Wednesday, and are going clear to San Francisco on their wedding tour."

"A detective will go with them, you can count on that," said Atherton. "Is dinner ready, Aunt Lucy? I haven't had a decent meal for three days. It smells good."

"We have fried chicken," said Mary, "mother thought you would like that, and I made a cream pie, too, because it is your favorite."

"Another case of the prodigal and the fatted calf," said Atherton. His pride had suffered greatly, but he thought it best to mislead them.

Immediately after dinner, Atherton and Mary strolled out into the yard down under the tree where a hammock swung.

"I was fearfully alarmed, Mary, when I first learned of the theft lest you might, in your impetuosity, have borrowed this sum to send to me," said Atherton, "and when ested I was determined to say nothing in self-defense until I had had a talk with you and uncle, and, were you guilty, it was my intention to shoulder the sin myself, and thus exonerate you, for I feared my conversation with you about the five thousand might have influenced you to take the money. I was rejoiced, Mary, to learn that I was wholly wrong in the matter."

"And so you would accuse me, Atherton, in your own mind, while mine would not harbor such a thought of you? I suppose I should thank you for your noble intent, but somehow I cannot. I have no thought but the one—that you should think so bad of me, when I was all the time defending your name."

"Perhaps I did wrong, Mary, but you won't treasure it against me. Come, sit in the hammock with me and let us talk of something more agreeable. Are you aware, little one, that nothing now stands in the way of our marriage?"

"No, I am not aware," said Mary, spunkily, as she tore a leaf to pieces, careful to keep her eyes riveted upon its destruction.

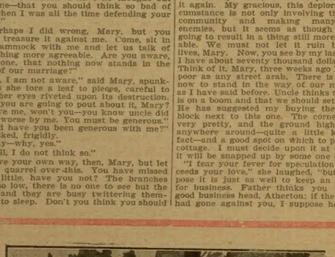
"So you are going to pout about it, Mary? Forgive me, won't you—you know uncle did much worse by me. You must be generous."

"And have you been generous with me?" she asked, frigidly.

"Why—why, yes."

"Well, I do not think so."

"Have your own way, then, Mary, but let us not quarrel over this. You have missed me a little, have you not? The branches hang so low, there is no one to see but the birds, and they are busy twittering themselves to sleep. Don't you think you should kiss me and tell me that you are glad to see me back?"



Opening a large tin box

Mary stood still pulling the leaves from the tree and tearing them to pieces in apparent vexation, without making him any reply.

"Come, Mary," he said, going up and putting his arms around her, "aren't you going to kiss me?"

"Go way—go way!" she cried, as she twisted herself from his embrace. "You have said that for which I shall not forgive you. I venture you did not dare tell father of your suspicions. He would have done worse by you than I did by Joe Dean."

"Do you know, little one, that you are talking and acting very foolishly?"

"Well, that may be your opinion," she answered, "but is that worth so much? To think—to think that you would accuse me—it is too much!" she said bursting into tears and, putting her hands to her face, she turned and ran to the house. Reaching her room, she locked herself in, and no amount of pleading from Atherton or her mother would coax her to come forth. "He thinks because I am a waif I could do this," she sobbed. "Were I his cousin and father's own child, such a thought would never have entered his mind. Plainly, he doesn't love [illegible] No man could love a woman and think her so evil. Louise can have him now, if she wants him. I shall never marry him!"

It took pleading, indeed, for Atherton to coax Mary into a good humor.

"I cannot read your mind, you may yet have your suspicions of me," she said a few days later when they were discussing the subject.

"It is quite as reasonable for me to think the same," he answered. "You may entertain suspicions of my guilt, since I am not a mind reader."

"My word is just as good as my mind," she said, sharply. "I have never said that I believed you other than innocent."

"My word ought to be as good as my mind," he replied. "I have stated many times that I believe wholly in your innocence, Mary. Come, let us not quarrel about it again. My gracious, this deplorable circumstance is not only involving the entire community and making many bitter enemies, but it seems as though it were going to result in a thing still more lamentable. We must not let it ruin both our lives, Mary. Now, you see by my last plunge I have about seventy thousand dollars clear. Think of it, Mary, three weeks ago I was as poor as any street arab. There is nothing now to stand in the way of our marriage, as I have said before. Uncle thinks the town is on a boom and that we should settle here. He has suggested my buying the vacant block next to this one. The corner lot is very pretty, and the ground higher than anywhere around—quite a little knoll, in fact—and a good spot on which to pitch our cottage. I must decide upon it at once, or it will be snapped up by some one else."

"I fear your fever for speculation far exceeds your love," she laughed, "but I suppose it is just as well to keep an eye out for business. Father thinks you have a good business head, Atherton; if the market had gone against you, I suppose he would not be of that opinion—I notice that he has only recently changed his mind. Hitherto he has always spoken of you as being reckless."

"Oh, yes, that is the way these things always go," said Atherton. "If it were not for self-confidence few would succeed in this life. The world is not very credulous of one's ability until one has made some demonstration of it. A man can talk himself to death extolling his own merits and ability, and he will only be laughed at. When he has once proven that he has put the proper estimate upon his capabilities, the laugh turns. But how about it, Mary? Are we to buy the next block and pitch our tent?"

"Well, I—I suppose, Atherton, since you have shown such wisdom in other things, I might safely trust to it in this."

"I am glad to find you so sensible, pigeon, and now, for the love of heaven, let us have no more contentions about that cursed robbery! I would like to catch the fellow that did it! I think I shall go into the real estate business, Mary. Somehow, I don't like the banking business. My experience along that line has not been exactly pleasant, and the position of cashier is not as lucrative as I should wish. What do you think about it, Mary?"

"Why, I think it is a capital idèa, and if your mind is taken up with that, perhaps you will leave stocks alone. Real estate is so much safer."

"I don't know about that, Mary, but we have talked business long enough—come, let us talk of other things. How long will it take you to get ready? That is, to sew up your wedding clothes?"

"To sew up my wedding clothes? What an expression! Oh, Atherton, you are so deliciously masculine! Well, let me see—I've got to have ever and ever so many things made, or 'sewed up'! Father says I am to go to Kansas City and purchase just what I wish for my trousseau. Dear me, how envious all the girls will be! And Louise will turn so green she'll commence to sprout, I'm sure. Oh, I shall have a grand wedding, Atherton. Mother says it is the great event of a girl's life, and I am to make it as fine as I like—so it will be a wonder, let me assure you. I am going to wear a beautiful white silk gown that will trail behind me for half a mile, a real lace veil of rare design, and carry a bouquet of white roses twice as big as my head. Then I shall have a white velvet cushion to bear the wedding ring, six bridesmaids, flower girls, an orchestra, flowers and palms so thick one will think he has been turned loose in a beautiful wilderness, and a wedding breakfast that a queen might envy!"

"Oh, I see—you have been thinking about it some, pigeon," said her companion, laughing. "It will take a long time to do this, won't it, Mary? Pshaw, let's get a license and slip around to the minister's without any one's knowing it and have it all over quick."

"Why, Atherton Bronson, you must be crazy! Aren't you ashamed to want to spoil all my—um—all my carefully constructed air-castles in this way? Indeed, we are going to have a very, very grand wedding, with announcement cards and everything just right, and a wedding service an hour long. Mother says it looks much more respectable to have the knot tied good and hard!"

"Very well, then, Mary, have your own way about it, but hurry it along as fast as you can. It seems a year would not be too much time to devote to such accomplishments."

"Dear me, there you go talking again, just like a man. But I promise you, Atherton, dear, I shall not take a moment over six weeks. I shall be very busy. You see, I must have a wedding gown—you know people always use the term 'gown' on an occasion of this kind, one woudn't traduce a thing so sacred by calling it a dress—then I must have another for church, one for calling, a party dr—um—gown, a theater"—

"Yes, I understand, sweetheart, but let's talk about the house. We will build it different from the rest in town. I want to make it as attractive as possible, so that if we should want to pull up and leave here later on it will be an easy seller."

"I venture that you are thinking more of selling it than you are of using it, right now," she said slyly. "Atherton, do you know that you have too much business in your head to be an ideal lover? However, I am not complaining. It were better that way than the other. Never mind, dear, you are all right—just right. Were you different, Louise or some one else might have you."

While the lovers were discussing their plans for the future, other tongues were as busy discussing the robbery. For although the Herron family all believed sincerely in the innocence of Atherton Bronson, many of the citizens were less credulous, and laughed at the banker's being so easily taken in by his nephew.

"A fine game he and his college chum put up on the old man," said one. "I should like to see the matter sifted. It seems deucedly easy for some people to borrow five thousand dollars."

These and similar remarks greatly annoyed the cashier, as it did the other members of the family.

Many of the citizens were equally positive that the ex-cashier, Joe Dean, committed the theft, and wanted to see him arrested.

Louise Carter, who was now an enemy of Mary's, went so far as to implicate the latter with the robbery, saying that she was in the girl's confidence and she believed that Mary sent the money to her lover for the investment, since his poverty stood in the way of their marriage. The female gossips of the town chewed this crumb greedily, saying it was just as they had long propnesied—there was no telling what turn a waif might take, and such adoptions generally turned out disastrously.

The bank robbery was the main topic of conversation in every household for months. In the meantime, Joe Dean had married and left for California. Detectives were constantly on his trail. They reported that he spent money freely and had invested in a fruit farm.

"I have heard that he has been making money of late," said Banker Herron, "but I didn't know that he had made any great haul, and for the life of me I can't see how he can afford to spend money in this way. It looks blamed suspicious, but somehow I can't get any evidence against him."

While pondering over this matter one evening, the banker was surprised to see the station agent walk up the path to the dooryard.

"Good-evenin', Jake," said the visitor, shaking hands and seating himself beside the banker. "I just thought I'd drop around an' tell you what I heard about an hour ago. It's dead certain that that scoundrel, Joe Dean, is the villain in the case. He was in town the evening of the robbery and it can be proved by three men who saw him drive by the station after dark. They knowed his horse. You know he's a roan, and they ain't so many about."

Glad of this clew, Atherton set to work, and, with the detectives, succeeded in weaving a chain of circumstantial evidence about his enemy, and, while still on his wedding trip, the ex-cashier was arrested, brought back to Pierson and thrown in jail.

When the case came to trial he proved an alibi. It was proven that he was calling upon his fiancee the night of the robbery, and remained as late as 12 o'clock, as the girl's mother bore witness. Fifteen minutes after that time he was in his brother's home, where he boarded. This he also had no trouble in proving by different members of the family and his bedfellow as well. The trial occasioned a great deal of comment and excitement, and though there was

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A Free Trip to the Seashore!

ANY BOY CAN GO

ARCHIE EADIE sells THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in a small town in New Jersey. One morning last summer he eagerly watched a crowd of people boarding an excursion train for the big camp-meetings at Ocean Grove and wished that he was going with them. He had a little more than enough money for car-fare, but nothing for board and spending money. Then an idea came to him. He wrote to the publishers of THE POST to add 100 copies to his order for that week and to send them to him at Ocean Grove. Two days later he was among those who boarded the excursion train.

When he got to Ocean Grove he found his copies waiting for him and started at once for the beach with a bundle of them. The knowledge that unless he sold the copies he would not have money to pay for his board gave extra vigor to his work. Up and down the boardwalk, into the pavilions, on the hotel porches and along the streets he went, offering the magazine. Wherever there was a crowd there was Archie. Late in the afternoon he went to the boarding-house and engaged board for a week, tired but happy, for he had almost enough to pay the bill.

Before the end of the week he received a check for $5.00, one of the cash prizes offered monthly to THE POST boys. He wrote for 50 extra copies for the next week. These he readily disposed of and decided he would stay a few days louger. At the end of that time he returned home, sunburned and happy, with enough money left to order his next week's supply for "home consumption." Archie is 12 years old. He writes. "That way of going to camp-meeting suits me all right."

Any boy can sell *THE SATURDAY EVENING POST* after school hours and on Saturdays. ***No money required.*** We send ten copies free the first week. These supply the capital for the next week. Write to-day for the free copies and booklet showing photos of successful boys and describing their methods.

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some very strong evidence against him, in the end the accused was acquitted.

"Of coursre his family would stand by him," said the station agent, "and they are the only witnesses he has except that roommate of his'n and the other feller, and he could easily buy the evidence of sich rakes! I say, these trials are all a farce anyhow. There ain't no justice in law."

So the matter now rested and the question remained as much a mystery as ever. However, the subject was still strongly agitated, causing many a fight and wrangle. As time wore on, others were accused of the theft, and the question became even a factor in politics. Every candidate that ran for a city office must have this accusation tacked on to ruin his reputation. Finally, the question became a matter of jesting, and "Who robbed the Citizen's Bank?" fell from the lips of every schoolboy.

It was, however, always a serious matter to at least one. To Atherton Bronson, the thought of being always an object of suspicion was intolerable. In vain he tried to keep his mind on other things. It was constantly reverting to the detestable subject, and every time the matter was mentioned in his presence he took it as a personal thrust.

He and Mary had been married quite two years and were cosily settled in their pretty, modern home. His business had succeeded far beyond his expectations, and he felt very comfortably fixed. In fact, he was quite the wealthiest man in the county. Mary proved an ideal wife and a help to him in many ways. He thought much of her judgment and consulted her on all business propositions. He went at once to learn her opinion when his name was mentioned for Representative to the Legislature.

"Your enemies will make your life intolerable," said Mary. "One in politics should have no fine sensibilities, and you have, Atherton. Your opponents will immediately begin throwing mud by again connecting your name with the bank robbery, and all but convict you, I suppose. No doubt, too, I will come in for my share of criticism, as I do always, and I have only lately gotten over my nervousness. If you are looking for trouble, Atherton, just go ahead and run for the Legislature, but if you have any desire for peace, for gracious sake keep out of politics!"

For several days Atherton pondered over his wife's advice, but this time he made an exception and decided to do exactly what she advised him not to do.

As she had surmised, when the time for election drew near, the opposing candidate set vigorously to work. The story of the bank robbery was unearthed and bobbed up as fresh and serene as though it were yet in its infancy. In fact, it took on greater strength and life than ever before. The county papers had column after column printed concerning the affair, with some very pointed paragraphs that looked bad for the young aspirant to political favor. Finally his wife waxed warm.

"This is a downright libel," she said one evening, when she had finished reading the Chase Gazette. "That detestable Joe Dean paid for the publication of this article, I venture. They say that he and the opposing candidate, Judge Little, have bought this miserable sheet, and of course the editor will print anything they wish him to. They have gone too far this time, however. I say it is a libel, Atherton, and if you let this article go unnoticed, you are not the man to represent the people! If I were a man I'd scalp that editor, that's what I would do, and I've a mind to, anyhow. So if you don't want me to take a hand in politics, Atherton, you will hold that dog of an editor accountable for this infamous lie!"

The husband stood listening, very much amused at his spirited spouse.

"I suppose you are right about it, Mary, and, since I do not want these certain objectionable parties killed outright, I'll do your bidding. In fact, I had already determined to do this, but feared you might disapprove, since it will create quite a stir."

A few days after this conversation the august editor of the Chase Gazette, who claimed to be wholly responsible for the article that appeared in his paper, was placed under arrest and lodged in jail at Pierson to await his trial. His political friends carried him cigars and wine, and Louise Carter visited him, carrying an immense bouquet. In the evening a band was hired, and, standing in front of the court house, the prisoner was treated to a serenade.

Upon learning of this demonstration, a great procession formed in line, and, headed by another band, marched to the home of Atherton Bronson, wildly cheering their candidate.

"Go out and make a wonderful speech—the best you ever made," whispered his wife, "and I'll see that the whole crowd has a toddy."

Thus were the citizens of Pierson divided in their sympathies and opinions, influenced almost altogether by their politics, and, as the trial came on, excitement ran very high. In the buzz of it all came some astounding revelations.

An elderly woman, the nearest neighbor of the Herron family, hinted that she knew "considerable more" than did any one else about the matter, was eagerly sought by the opponents of the popular candidate, Atherton Bronson, and it was stated that some astounding evidence would come out in the trial. So the whole district was now wildly discussing the trial and bank robbery.

Mary, who was always of a nervous temperament, was under a great mental strain during this time, and was often forced to have the physician's attendance. Growing anxious, her husband sometimes regretted that he had not taken her advice and kept out of politics.

More times than one he caught her walking in her sleep, sometimes about the yard, and once half way down the block to her mother's home. He was greatly concerned about her state of health, and kept from her all annoying reports and gossip that he could, yet there was little going on that she was not acquainted with.

It was the second morning of the trial that the startling piece of evidence which the attorney for the defense had promised, came to light. Mary insisted upon attending the trial, as did her mother and many other women about town. She sat between her husband and his principal witness, his college chum, Gus Brainerd, who was supposed to have loaned the popular condidate the money for his phenomenal deal in stocks. He greatly admired the beautiful young wife of his friend, and warmly sang her praises to the delighted husband, who seemed to think that in winning Mary he had won the queen of the earth.

When Mrs. Patterson, the witness with the new and startling evidence, was called to the stand, the silence in the courtroom was intense. Like many others, Mary was holding her breath.

After a few preliminaries, the attorney for the defense said:

"Mrs. Matilde Patterson, you may state where were you at the hour of midnight on July 12, 1898, the night that Jake Herron's bank was robbed."

Mary almost fell from her chair when the woman had ended her testimony. The witness stated that when crossing the road from her neighbor's house, she saw the banker's daughter, Mary Herron, pass along the walk just in front of her with a heavy package in her arms. She thought it strange that the girl should be alone at that hour, and stood watching her. The young girl, she went on to say, did not enter the house by the front door, as was her habit, but went around to the back of the house, and, she supposed, entered through a rear door. Upon seeing her the next day she purposely inquired where she had been the night before, and if she were not afraid to be out alone at such an hour. "To my surprise," said the witness, "she denied that she had been out of her father's house after 9 o'clock. That, of course, aroused my suspicions, but as I always liked the girl, I hated to implicate her, though since it has become such a serious question, I concluded it was my duty to tell what I know."

"'Tis false, as false as hell!" cried Mary, then sank sobbing on her mother's breast.

"She robbed her father to aid her lover, of course. The mystery is solved," whispered many.

"The old woman has been hired by the defense to tell this lie," declared Jake Herron, "and, by the gods, they have got to answer for it! My daughter would do nothing unprincipled!"

"I'll lick the last dog of them!" declared the infuriated husband. "If I don't get justice I'll take the law in my own hands!"

He reproached himself again and again for entering politics, but now since the fight had grown so bitter he determined to win if he could.

The trial dragged on for a few days longer, many new witnesses springing up, and it looked bad, indeed, for the popular candidate and his wife. It seemed as though the trial was turning in favor of the editor, when something happened to change the whole situation.

In her highly nervous condition, Mary renewed her sleep-walking. Barred and locked doors proved nothing for her deft fingers. Rousing suddenly from his sleep, the husband would turn anxiously to see if Mary were in bed. He generally found her wandering around the grounds or just in the act of stealing out. When the key to the front door was hidden, she would try the other doors and then the windows. In her somnambulistic state she often showed great cunning and did many surprising things. One night she walked directly to where the key was hidden under the sofa cushion, as though she herself had placed it there.

The fair somnambulist was being severely criticised by the gossips of Pierson, and many ugly thrusts were made at the waif whom the banker picked up along the road one dark, cold night. Hearing the infant's cry, Jake Herron took the little unfortunate in his arms and, wrapping his coat about it, carried it home to his wife. They soon became attached to the bright, beautiful babe, and, having no children of their own, the banker adopted it. He took great pains in her education, and a child was never reared more tenderly than was this little waif. Having all but worshiped her, Jake Herron was beside himself with rage to hear the unkind criticisms passed upon Mary, and most of the citizens felt great sympathy for him.

Mary's mother, becoming alarmed about her condition, advised Atherton to shut up his house and bring his wife back to her father's home for a time, or until her nervousness had left. "I have a soothing influence over Mary, and can also help watch her at night," said the mother. "I fear she may injure herself in some way by her sleep-walking."

Atherton thought the plan a wise one, as did Mary, who was now very much worked up over the result of the trial, and "fidgeted every moment," her mother said.

The first night after this change, Mary went to bed early and in her old chamber fell into a refreshing sleep. Atherton felt greatly relieved to see that she slumbered so peacefully. "She sleeps like a tired child," he murmured when, after hours of patient watching, he turned dreamily on his pillow. An hour later, when Mary slipped from the room, he was snoring heavily.

Noiselessly the somnambulist rose and dressed herself very neatly, then passed out of the room and down the stairway.

Her mother, hearing the bolt shoot back in the front door, was instantly on the alert. Slipping on her shoes and throwing a shawl around her sholuders, she started after the sleeper. She thought it not wise to startle her, and was thinking how it was best to approach, when she saw her daughter sit down under a tree near the northwest corner of the house.

Drawing near, she could see that Mary was earnestly at work trying to roll away the heavy stone that for years had been used for a seat under the tree. With what seemed superhuman strength, she moved the stone from its position, then taking a rusted knife that had lain under it, commenced digging away with great industry.

"Whatever can the child be doing?" said the mother, as she drew nearer. She was about to awaken the sleeping girl when Mary lifted something from the ground and placed it in her lap. Opening the large tin box that had been missed from the bank, the somnambulist commenced to take out the gold and bank notes of which her father had been robbed.

The mother, who stood looking on, all but shrieked, then turning quickly, fled to the house to rouse her husband and nephew.

Within a few moments they were all outside in the bright moonlight, intently watching the sleep-walker. She was handling the notes and mumbling something about five thousand, stocks, Atherton, and so on.

A neighbor who happened to be passing called to the mysterious-looking group: "I say, it's pretty late for folks to be up, ain't it?"

His words awakened the dreamer, and she started up.

"Where, oh, where am I?" she exclaimed, as she put her hands to her head.

"Right here at home. Mother is with you, child, and Atherton—we are all here."

"Come," said the banker to the neighbor, who stood watching the scene. "I may want you as a witness to this strange affair."

"What is it all about?" asked Mary. "And the money! the money!" she cried out, as she pointed to where it lay on the ground. "Am I dreaming, or what does this mean?"

"The mystery is solved," said Jake Herron. "Are you thoroughly awake, Mary? Do you understand? See, you have dug this money from the ground where you probably hid it under similar circumstances two years ago."

Several days later, when Mary had grown calmer, she said to those sitting around:

"I had a vivid dream one night. I spoke of it to father at the time. I dreamed that I had stolen the money, and when I awoke I was in great distress. It has often haunted my mind since. I could recall the dream to the point of secreting the money. It seemed I had been digging, had buried it somewhere, but in what place I could not think. It was all so vague! Mrs. Patterson's story oppressed me greatly, and I commenced to wonder if in my sleep I could have done this thing. By night and by day I have since been racking my brain to recall the dream, that I might know where I had secreted the money, if such a theory were possible. You see I was under a great nervous strain at the time, since I was worried because Atherton and I could not be married. So you see what people can do in their dreams. The old Indian tradition about the wealth that the explorers hid under this tree possibly suggested the spot; my sub-consciousness was alone acting. Oh, what misery I have brought to all!"

"And what a great mystery you have unraveled," said her husband, now beside himself with joy, as were the parents and many others. "Our names have both been cleared of the stain, Mary, and I think my road to the State Legislature is also cleared of all stumbling blocks."

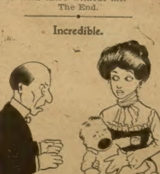
This evidence ended the famous trial and the prisoner hurried back to his editorial chair to write a sensational story of the recovery of the bank funds, as he was politely requested to do.

When Mary went with her husband to the Capital, her beauty created even greater comment than did his eloquence and wit. She had a pretty good understanding of State affairs, too, and as she sat by her husband's desk she took great interest in all questions that rose for discussion in the Lower House. She was very ambitious for her husband's success, and would often say, "On to Washington, Atherton, I shall help you to get there."

"That is all right, Mary," he at one time said; "but don't get nervous about it, for some dark night you might take it into your head to walk there without me."

The End.

Incredible.



Mother—No, indeed: I shall not let you take him. He'd only cry harder if I did.

Father—Great Scott! Do you mean to say that he can cry harder than that?

Too Great a Question.

"Do you reckon this hurts the worm?" asked Johnny, as he baited his hook.

"That's somethin' I don't believe we've got any right to inquire about," said Tommy, watching his cork intently. "It ain't any of our business. All we know is that there's lots of worms. If they ain't for fishin' with I'd like to know what they are for. Sh! I've got a bite!"

Her Opportunity.

Mrs. Goovius—My husband says there is talk of a strike among the bakers.

Mrs. Jurdie (on the other side of the back fence)—Why, that seems fairly providential. I have just learned how to make the most delicious soda biscuit you ever tasted.

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UNION LABEL
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It is plainly evident now that all the rain didn't fall last year.

Demagogues govern some communities and demijohns rule others.

When the day breaks some men are too lazy to make use of the pieces.

If a spinster isn't as tall as she would like to be she should get spliced.

Teddy is several degrees more of a doctor of laws than he was when he left Washington.

In the matter of indorsements from colleges, elegantly engrossed on parchment, Mr. Roosevelt is still far in the lead.

Is the judiciary losing its nerve? A Denver Judge has refused to grant an injunction without hearing from the other side.

A loud and fervent "Amen!" will come from the trust headquarters in response to Mr. Hanna's vociferous "Hands off the tariff!"

Austria now has the fastest battleship afloat. This country continues, however, to have the largest number that are fast aground.

Usually the man who expresses a willingness to die for a woman during courtship is too lazy to earn a decent living for her after marriage.

Probably the Jewish people of Russia have ideas of their own as to the Czar's plaintive murmurings in favor of religious freedom and "universal peace."

The supply of Filipino leaders must have been originally large. They are still arresting them over there, while one rarely hears of a simple native being caught.

Mr. Depew's hint that Wall Street is not so violently opposed to Colonel Roosevelt after all merely confirms a suspicion which has been steadily growing of late.

And now they say pigskin is better than rubber for automobile tires. There is also a certain fitness in its use by those automobilists who take the whole street and want more.

Our friends, the South American Republics, have decided that it wouldn't be a bad idea to have a Monroe doctrine of their own. It's hard work trying to understand the one we provide for them.

WINGS OF THE WIND;

Or, The Downfall of the Raveners.

By James McKinney Merrill.

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Begun in No. 22, May 30. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Craik Ravener was decidedly better. The doctor held out a slight hope of her ultimate recovery, and once more the light of happiness dawned in the tired eyes of beautiful Hope.

The girl sat by her mother's side talking in a low tone when her father entered. He requested her to leave the room, taking himself the seat vacated by his daughter. Mrs. Ravener glanced up at her husband with a bright smile as he clasped her thin, white hand in his and tried to look pleasant, although the trouble that oppressed him quite forbade anything like the genuine article warming the cockles of his heart.

"I'm glad to see you so much improved, Beryl," he said, in a voice that reminded the sick wife of the old days when they were young and happy together.

"Yes; I am better," she said, feebly.

"And you wish for my happiness as well, do you not, my dear Beryl?"

"Yes; I——"

"It is about Hope—about my business affairs and the troubles that have clouded my recent business life," he went on, hurriedly, scarcely noting in his eagerness the look of pain that came suddenly to the placid face of the sick woman. Then, fearing lest his courage fail him, Craik Ravener went on, explaining everything, and laying the cool proposition of Colonel Tom Dunsmore before her.

A dead silence reigned for a time. The face on the pillow had become deathly pale, and there was a twitching of the lips as if the poor woman was trying vainly to speak. Hope had been telling her mother of Evans Starling, and of the bright hopes that animated the breasts of both. They were to be married during the Christmas holidays and be happy forever after. The picture was a pretty one, and had served in a measure to revive and warm the life current in the veins of the sick woman. Now, what her husband told her came as a shock, indeed.

"Surely," she found voice to articulate, "this man who has proven himself so true and good in other things, will not insist on his plans when he learns how Hope feels about it."

"Yes; he will. As for Hope, what matters it? Starling is a pensioner on the Colonel, anyway, and will never have a cent unless Colonel Tom says he may. The elder man is a millionaire, and can place our daughter in a high social position in Denver. You must show her how advantageous this match will be; when, like a sensible girl, she will consent and thus save her father from ruin——"

"Oh, Craik, don't!" moaned the sick woman.

He saw plainly that he was taxing her too far in her delicate condition, yet, selfish to the core, he refused to give over his plans, but talked on, picturing himself a ruined man, without home or friends, unless Hope became the wife of Colonel Dunsmore.

When he had finished his dark picture, and turned to look again at his wife he was startled to find that she lay like one dead, without power to move or speak. His first thought was that he had killed her, and a feeling akin to remorse touched his heart. He at once summoned help and the doctor.

For two days Mrs. Ravener hovered on the brink of eternity, then gradually grew better.

"She has been subjected to a severe nervous shock," declared Doctor Denver. "You know I warned you to be careful, Mr. Ravener."

"We've all been that, Doctor," grunted the mill-owner, in return. Then, to avoid being questioned, he went out to consult with Colonel Tom, who was pacing the lawn, smoking a cigar and looking somewhat distraught himself.

"She will live for a time, the doctor says, but——"

"And do you think your suggestions about Hope brought all this about?" asked Colonel Tom, his face strangely white and trembling.

"Yes; I am sure of it; but I was following your orders, sir."

Was he? Perhaps. Colonel Tom made no immediate reply, but continued to pace back and forth across the lawn.

"Does Hope know?" he finally asked, pausing before the mill-owner, with a masterly glow in his eyes.

"Oh, yes, she knows; I told her how I was situated, and the only alternative that would save me."

"But Beryl—her mother——"

"Has said nothing yet. I feel very sure, however, that she will the moment she is able, for my welfare is very dear to Mrs. Ravener. We are bound together by no common tie, Colonel Tom."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; she followed me when to do so meant both bodily peril and social ostracism. She has been a good and true wife to me——"

"Then, in God's name, be true to her!" exclaimed Colonel Tom, deeply agitated, his handsome face white as death, great beads of moisture standing out on his forehead, as he lifted his hat to catch a passing breeze.

His companion stared. He saw Colonel Tom stride out of the yard and down the road as if pursued by a tiger of the jungle. Meeting Evans Starling coming toward the house, the Colonel never looked at him or spoke, but strode on, his brain in a whirl, all the past coming up in a confused yet harrowing reality before him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Tom Dunsmore, you are a miserable scoundrel! I will never again own you for a friend. What is more, I demand instant satisfaction for your base attempt to ruin my life and Hope's!"

The speaker was Evans Starling. Place, a lonely spot on the river bank, half a mile from Killbuck, whither the young man had traced the Colonel, at a white heat of wrath. Colonel Tom was smoking, plainly unperturbed at the violent outbreak of his young protege.

"Now, then," said he, when granted an opportunity to speak, "what means this violent language, Evans? You act like an angry child, or perhaps more properly speaking, a silly woman."

This meeting occurred nearly a week sub-

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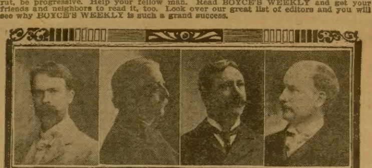

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sequent to the events narrated in the preceding chapter. The younger man calmed himself with a visible effort.

"I have followed you to demand satisfaction, Colonel Dunsmore," he cried, with sullen ferocity, his eyes full of pent wrath, his breast heaving, his slender, yet strong, hands clenching a branch of an overhanging tree with fierce fury.

"To demand satisfaction for what?" asked the other. "You come at me like an angry tiger, without explaining yourself——"

"You know what it is all about, you insolent cur——"

"There, boy, that is quite enough of such raving," quickly interjected the Colonel, his face growing white, while his eyes took into their depths a stern expression. "You presume too much upon your friendship. I will not put up with it, so, please govern yourself accordingly. Is it about Hope——"

"You know it is."

"She is sensible enough to prefer a middle-aged gentleman of means to a penniless adventurer of indiscreet years. I see nothing strange in that." The sneer that accompanied the words pierced more sharply than the words themselves. Evans had only this morning been made aware of the fact that Hope Ravener was not to be his after all. At the request of a dying mother she had bound herself to wed Colonel Tom.

Not one word had she uttered in denunciation of the Colonel, not a word indicative of her feelings toward him. Her only explanation was that it was best. "Please do not ask why. Go and leave me with mother—she is dying." And thus had the hot-headed Starling been put aside. To say that he was indignant, wrathful and a murderer at heart, would but illy define his feelings. And now the author of all his woes stood calmly smoking before him, refusing to discuss or explain. It was maddening.

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Advancing quickly, Starling struck Colonel Tom a sharp blow across the face with the flat of his hand.

"Take that, you hound!" he cried, in his ungovernable temper. An angry red dyed the cheek of the elder man. He flung aside his cigar and laid hold of the impetuous young forester. An instant they stood, eye to eye, then the muscles in Colonel Tom's arms stiffened. He raised the youth from the ground and laid him struggling yet powerless on the ground. Placing his knee on the chest of the prostrate man, Colonel Tom sternly said:

"Let this madness go no further, Evans. You have obeyed me in the past; you shall obey me now. I told you weeks ago that the daughter of Ravener was not for you, but you would not heed my words. You see now what comes of it. Lie still and listen——"

But this the young man would not do. He struggled angrily, wildly, striking fiercely with his clenched hands at the face of the other.

"You hound!" he vociferated. "Let me up and I'll tell you how we can settle this affair." Starling suddenly became calm. His master rested a moment, then said:

"If you promise to behave like a man I will let you up."

"Very well, I promise."

Colonel Tom rose to his feet, quickly followed by the other. The two men faced each other in seeming calmness. This was genuine on the part of the elder. In the bosom of Starling, however, there raged a fierce fire which he only held in abeyance through sheer force of will.

"Colonel Tom?"

"Yes; my boy."

"I demand satisfaction at the pistol's muzzle."

"Nonsense, lad."

"Don't flout my feelings, further," cried Starling, hoarsely, "lest I forget myself and brand my soul with the mark of Cain. Meet me here at this hour tomorrow with your gun, and bring a second if you will, as for myself, I need none."

"But, my dear boy——"

The Colonel's remonstrance was lost on the autumn air. His late companion had turned and rushed away into the gloom of the forest. Colonel Tom plucked at his mustache with visible emotion.

"The headstrong young fool!" he muttered. "The idea that we two should meet in deadly conflict. Why, I could drop him in the wink of an eye. He would stand no more chance confronting me with a pistol than would a child. I'll not murder the boy even to please his hot and senseless passion. Pooh! How badly he takes my plan to wed Hope Ravener. But I do really care for the girl; besides, it is a part of my vengeance. At the last moment father and mother shall know the truth, and the wrongs of twenty years will be avenged." With something like a chuckle of triumph on his lips, Colonel Tom moved away.

Four-and-twenty hours later a man pressed through the tangled wildwood and stood revealed in the little glade upon the river bank.

"I see you have come, Colonel Tom," said a voice, "but where is your second, where your arms?"

A youth of three-and-twenty appeared from near the river bank and stood with folded arms confronting the first comer.

"I brought no second nor arms," returned Colonel Tom. "You know well enough that I love you too well to shoot you down in cold blood——"

"Cowardly hypocrite!" interrupted Starling. "Take that and see if you can be induced to do one brave act before you die!" A glove was slapped in the face of the Colonel. Then, retreating a step, Evans Starling suddenly flung a revolver at the feet of his late bosom friend and benefactor.

"Now, stand off yonder and defend yourself, for, by Heaven, I mean business and one or the other of us must die!"

Mechanically Colonel Tom picked up the weapon from the ground and straightened to his full height. The younger man had retreated some ten paces. Whirling about, he level his revolver, saying:

"At the word three fire. One—two" weapons fell to a level.

"Three—fire!"

Two reports rang out in spiteful echoes. Evans Starling threw his hand to his breast and fell to the ground.

"You've finished me, Tom," uttered the youth, gaspingly, as the elder man knelt over the bleeding boy.

CHAPTER XIX.

At the noon hour Colonel Tom called at the home on the ridge. His face was very grave, and all the old fire seemed gone from his keen, black eyes. Was it remorse of conscience pricking him to the quick? It may have been, since he had but just left his young protege lying dangerously wounded at the home of Doctor Denver.

The wound was a severe one, and was likely to prove fatal. Colonel Tom, when he could leave the side of the wounded man, proceeded to Ravener's house for the express purpose of meeting Hope. He little knew how deep was the affection existing between the two young people, nor what the result of his news would be.

Hope met him at the door, looking tired and restless. She had, to save her father from ruin and to ease the death-bed of her mother, consented to throw her lover over and wed Colonel Tom, whom she both despised and hated because of this last insistent villainy.

"How is your mother, Hope?" he asked, quickly and eagerly.

"She is a little better, I think.'

"And you——"

But she passed on and would have avoided further speech with him had he not laid a detaining hand on her arm.

"One moment, Hope," he commanded. "You hate me, but try and forget the past. I am come to release you from your promise to me."

She drew herself up quickly, and gazed questioningly into his eyes.

"It is true," he went on, "I see the injustice of the course I have been pursuing, and I will have no unwilling bride. Is this satisfactory, my dear girl?"

A great joy seemed to dawn suddenly on the face of his fair listener; then of a sudden a cloud filled her dark eyes.

"You will ruin my father and mamma will die," she said, dismally.

"I make no promises on that score," returned he, remembering the past and his vow of vengeance. "But, as for you, Miss Ravener, you are free so far as I am concerned." He left her then and repaired to the sick room where Beryl Ravener lay hovering on the brink of eternity.

Hope, secretly rejoicing over what Colonel Tom had said, and wondering at it, little knew at what a sacrifice this renunciation on his part was made. She knew not of another, deeper sorrow awaiting her, for as yet the sad fate of her lover was unknown to her. Colonel Tom had lacked the courage to tell her that he had been the means of Evans Starling's undoing.

The Coloradoan sat a long time in the room where Mrs. Ravener lay. He conversed in low tones, and could not help feeling pity for this woman who had once been so beautiful and the idol of his own fond heart. She was drifting slowly but surely beyond this life; her husband was a ruined, broken-down old man at fifty, and the once happy girl wife lay dying, with the knowledge that her daughter was to become, while loving another, the pet of a rich adventurer. No wonder, then, that her last hours were shadowed ones; and that she moaned in anguish at sight of the author of all her recent troubles.

"Do you hate me, Beryl—Mrs. Ravener?" asked Colonel Tom, suddenly, bending low over the woman's couch and taking and holding her hand in a tight clasp.

"I am in no condition to hate any one," she murmured, faintly, a tear in her eye. Ah! was not this the hour of his longed-for triumph? He had looked forward to it with a feeling akin to delight. Now, that the hour of his complete victory had arrived, he was disappointed at the feeling which mastered him.

"Mrs. Ravener, can you hear me?"

"Yes; I hear distinctly. I am not to die for several days, but——"

"Then, listen. Do you remember one summer night twenty years ago, on Lake Huron, a night when a certain woman gave her husband over to death and fled from the deck of a sinking yacht in the arms of her paramour?"

"Merciful Heaven! How well I remember!" exclaimed the sick one, in a husky whisper. "What do you know? Why do you recall that time?"

"To remind you that your crime has found you out, Beryl Ravener. Look closely at me, woman. Don't you see in these aging features a resemblance to gay, debonair Floyd Elliston——"

He got no further. A great cry filled the woman's throat to choking. She gasped, threw up her hands and lay quite still—dead, he thought. At the same moment steps were heard approaching the door of the room. Rising, Colonel Tom crossed the carpet, opened the door, and confronted two men, one of whom he recognized as the county sheriff.

"Ah! here you are!" exclaimed that official, presenting a revolver at the head of Colonel Tom.

"What now?" demanded he.

"You are my prisoner," said the officer, sternly. "Evans Starling is dead—you are his murderer!"

Even as the words were uttered a startled scream fell on the ears of all. Hope Ravener, approaching, had heard all. The suddenness of the announcement of her lover's demise was too much for her overwrought nerves, and she fainted.

Without a word of remonstrance, Colonel Tom suffered himself to be handcuffed and led from the house.

CHAPTER XX.

To say that Colonel Tom was shocked on learning that his handsome young protege was dead, but illy describes the man's feelings. The duel had turned out a most unfortunate affair, and Colonel Tom realized that he was not wholly blameless in the matter.

Arrived at the office of Doctor Denver, whither the sheriff's officer conducted his prisoner, it was learned that the announcement of the death of the wounded man had been premature.

"I don't know how the story got out," said the doctor, "surely not by my telling it. Indeed, I have some hopes of Starling pulling through. As for Colonel Tom, here, I will answer for him. It was not at all necessary to place him under arrest."

When it became known that Evans Starling was still alive, Colonel Tom had very little trouble in securing his freedom on his own personal recognizance. The Colonel was permitted a short visit with his wounded friend, whom he found weak from loss of blood, yet fully himself, and ready to talk.

"I know what your feelings are on the subject, Evans," said Colonel Tom, in an explanatory talk, "and I do not blame you for feeling hard toward me. I have been a villain and unworthy your friendship. Rest assured of two things, however, when perhaps you will in a measure forgive me. I did not fire the shot that wounded you—"

"No?" with a visible start. "Who, then—"

"It was fired from a thicket. I simply fired in the air. I can guess who the would-be assassin was—your enemy and mine—"

"Spicer Brillet?"

"Exactly."

"Forgive my hasty actions, Tom. I——"

"One moment, my boy. You know my motive for wishing to injure the Raveners. I have lately told you the story of my wrongs."

"Yes; I recall something about Beryl—your wife——"

"And I have wreaked vengeance by ruining her husband, body and soul!" exclaimed Colonel Tom, something of the old bitterness in his speech and manner. "I hated that man; but Beryl—no; I never quite hated her, although I felt very bitter against the sex because of her sin. Let me tell you, my determination to make Hope my wife was more a part of my plan of

(Continued on page eleven.)

This outfit as shown here would cost $2.00 in any sporting goods house in your town.

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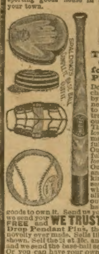

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Hostess—That is to lock myself in when I scold the cook.

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Out of Politics.

First Venezuelan—What has become of Senor Mazatlan?

Second Venezuelan—He is out of politics.

"Did he lose much in the last campaign?"

"Two arms and a leg."

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn., (The Clothier) says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Disease will write him he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He makes no charge whatever for the favor.

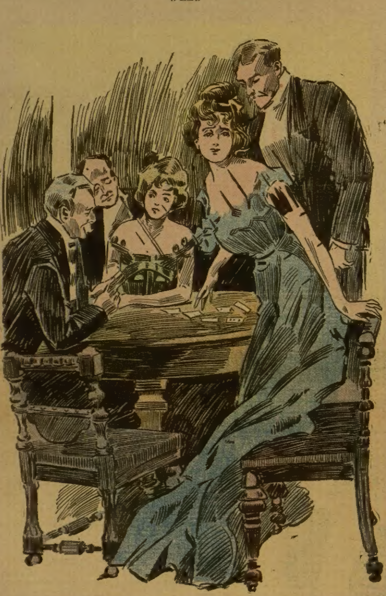
Sudden Death.

Gunner—I hear that a man wis killed in a shooting gallery.

Guyer—Did some one accidentally shoot him?

Gunner—No; he smoked one of those cigars they give for hitting the bullseye.

Whist.



Miss Jones—I played the ten of spades and Major Brown said: "Why are you throwing that? Play the lowest you've got." So I played the one, and now he says that's wrong.

Usual Thing.

Tom—That pretty Miss Wilkins seems to have quite a number of eligible young men in her train.

Jack—Yes; and it's only a matter of time until there will be a smashup, with only one survivor.

An Insinuation.

Bess—Young Mifkins is daffy on the subject of matrimony. He asks every girl he meets to marry him.

Nell—Well, why don't you get some one to introduce you?

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Ground for Suspicion.

"Old Swaddleford always pretends to be as deaf as a post, but I believe he can hear as well as anybody."

"What makes you think so?"

"Nobody ever saw him walking along a railroad track in advance of a train."

Comparison.

"Getting married is a good deal like golf," sighed the spinster.

"How's that?" asked the young bud.

"It looks dead easy to those who have never tried it," answered the other with a sickly smile.

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Expectations of a Windfall.

"Dear," said the physician's wife, "when can you let me have ten dollars?"

"Well," replied the medical man, "I hope to cash a draft shortly, and then——"

"Cash a draft? What draft?"

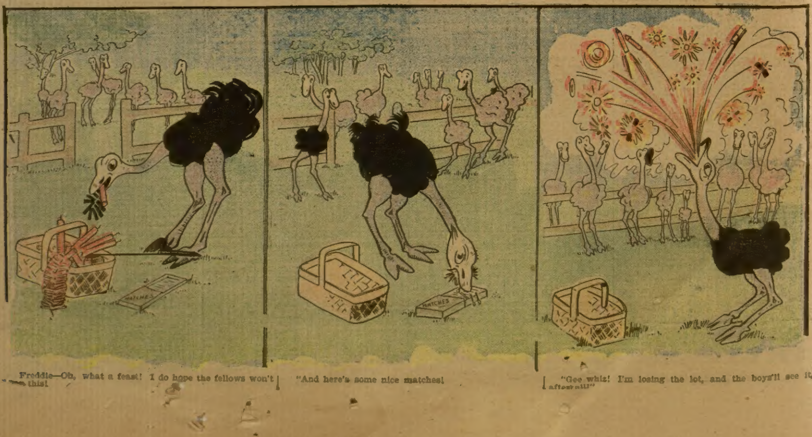
"The one I saw Mrs. Jenkins sitting in this morning."

Meager Recompense.

Poetaster—If you couldn't print my poem, why didn't you return it? I inclosed a stamp for that purpose.

Editor—Oh, that is what the stamp was for! I supposed it was sent as part payment for the labor of reading pour poem.

HIS CELEBRATION.



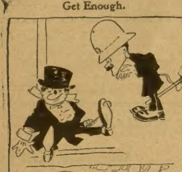
Freddie—Oh, what a feast! I do hope the fellows won't see this!

"And here's some nice matches!

"Gee whiz! I'm losing the lot, and the boys'll see it, after all!"

JOLLITY

Get Enough.



Officer—Shall I call a cab for you?

Tanke—Yesh. Better call two cabsh. I'm in a—hic—hurry.

Pious Mosquitoes.

City Boarder—Are the mosquitoes bad up here?

Silly Silas—Not all of them, stranger. You'll find a good many in church every Sunday morning.

Carpenter Measured It.

Attorney Abe Hummel told a joke on a friend of his not long ago. This friend was counsel for the defense in a case of assault, and was questioning a witness for the prosecution.

"Now, you say you saw the quarrel between the two men?"

"Yes," replied the man, who happened to be a carpenter.

"How far away from them were you?"

"Just four yards two feet and three and one-half inches."

"What do you mean!" shouted the attorney. "You don't mean to say that you can measure distance that accurately with your eye?"

"No," said the carpenter, quietly, "but I knew some fool would ask me, so I measured it."

On the Boulevard.

Ernie—Helen was caught in the heavy shower in her new gown.

Ethel—Was it shot silk, dear?

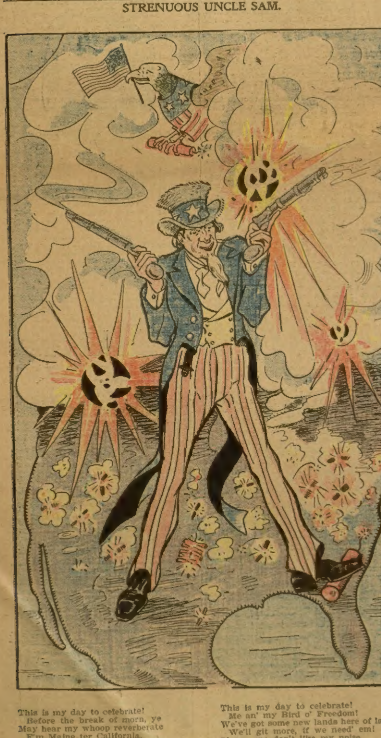
Ernie—No; watered silk.

Perhaps She Was Envious.

Miss Flirty—How do you like my new engagement ring?

Miss Cutting—It's a beauty; when does it come off?

STRENUOUS UNCLE SAM.

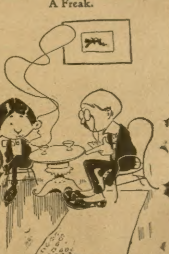


This is my day to celebrate!
  Before the break of morn, ye
May hear my whoop reverberate
  F'm Maine ter California.
In Gu-am an' the Phillypeens
  I'm lusty an' hurrah-y;
In Porty Rico there are scenes
  Jest like those in Hawaii.

This is my day to celebrate!
  Me an' my Bird o' Freedom!
We've got some new lands here of late—
  We'll git more, if we need' em!
If any one don't like my noise,
  Why, I can make it louder!
I've got a lusty set o' boys,
  An' we've got lots o' powder!

—Maurice W. Gray.

A Freak.



Chawley—B'jove! but Clawrence is a stwange chap, b'jove!

Algy—Is he, b'jove?

Chawley—Yaas. Nevah says "b'jove," b'jove.

Algy—B'jove!

Sorry He Spoke.

Mr. Grumpps—What idiotic things they do print on the women's page of this newspaper!

Mrs. Grumpps—Yes. I wish they would discharge the fellow and put a woman in charge of it.

Not Quite Clear.

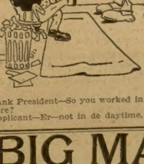
"Sum guy sed dat de early bird gobbles de worm," mused the hobo philosopher, "but wedder de 'foresed worm is de grubworm er not de maker uv de remark fergot ter menshun."

An Explanation.

Judge—I wonder why painters always depict Cupid as a little boy?

Fudge—I guess it's because a little boy is always in trouble or doing his best to get into mischief.

A Bad Break.



Bank President—So you worked in a bank before?

Applicant—Er—not in de daytime, boss.

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THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

BY BUD BARCLAY.

"How'm I going to celebrate the glorious Fourth? You mean escape, don't you? No fireworks for Alphonse. Nay! Me off to some quiet neck of the timber, far from all noise except the babbling brooklet. I'm as patriotic as the next one—only my patriotism is sort o' deaf and dumb. I've had a grouch on the wise old boys who framed up the declaration.

"My opinions on celebrating are kind o' tart ever since the time I had on the Fourth a couple of years back. That put my patriotism in the refrigerator for some time, and now I always want to duck and lie low when the schutzenfest comes around.

"You see, it was this way. There was a damsel who was nothing if not original, and after she'd taken a couple of thinks she got up a fireworks party for the night of the Fourth. Her old man had a house with a dandy big lawn. Every fellow was supposed to bring a girl and a bundle of fireworks.

"Of course I'm for anything original, so I attended in a body. I gathered in a little fairy that I'd been tagging around for some time and a bundle of condensed noise, and we two-stepped over to the party.

"We were pretty nearly there when we met up with the brother of the girl who gave the party. He was trying to get home, but he was taking such a long route, going from one side of the walk to the other, that I was afraid he wouldn't show up before midnight. He had a package of squibs under his arm, and several other packages tucked away out of sight. He'd been celebrating and was piped proper.

"I led him off to one corner and told him to go in at the back door and go to bed, but he took a dear old college chum clinch around my neck and began telling me in a megaphone tone how he had always loved me and couldn't think of parting from me. Well, you know the kind. He rebuked me with great dignity about being ashamed of an old friend. At last I got sore and told him to go fall off.

"We pulled our freight out of there and left him zigzagging, but he loomed up at the party a little while later and acted scandalous.

"About this time we had all began to get busy with the punk and then the trouble came my way. We had a bunch of these nice, innocent drainage-canal dynamite capsules—these half-footers, you know. Well, I sprinkled a few of them through the atmosphere until at last I tapped one that had a phoney fuse.

"The blamed thing fizzled away and got tired and petered out. Did I chase over to investigate the trouble? Not I. I knew what would happen if I approached that cracker to breathe gently on the fuse. Maybe I hadn't read about these good boys who had tried the stunt and then didn't have enough fingers left to handle their harps properly. Oh, wise little boy!

"Maybe I was afraid, or maybe I was wise, but I wasn't taking chances.

"About this time the lad with the flossy footwork began to clamor about my being a cold-footed party. He was good and noisy about it, too. He allowed that if I was ''shamed of an old friend' he'd make me 'shamed by doing what I didn't dare.

"Maybe he said this in a whisper, I don't guess. You'd have thought he was making an oration. I felt like twenty-nine and the one, even though everybody knew he was peached to the heroic stage. I warned him to keep away, but he ambled merrily out into the street and picked up the uncracked cracker.

"Now, if I had done that my friends would have been doing a slow sextet alongside me in a few days, but there's a kind Providence on the staff of these tanks. After he had inspected it he lighted a new fuse he had fixed up and ducked before it went off. And me standing there with those girls giving me the pitying glance. They all do; never take the facts into consideration. That's human nature for you!

"Well, Pipsey felt so fine that he began to celebrate good and swift. He just touched off everything at once, thinking he was real cute, and things began zinging in all directions.

"The girls and most of the fellows were taking to the trees, pursued by rockets, roman candles and pinwheels. I thought 'Here's where I do a grand-stand play and make good,' and so I jumped in to stamp out the lighted fuses.

"Well, this, this boy was that far off his dipper that he opened fire on me with a roman candle and scored all over the target. I caught one on the shirt front, one hit my hat and that's all I kept tab on, 'cause just then one candle ball lighted the fuse of a cannon cracker that was in my pocket. Everything went red and then somebody turned on the dark.

"When I woke up I was tucked away in bed, wrapped in bandages and arnica until I could have got a job at the Field museum as a genuine Aztec mummy. The doctor said I'd be out in a week or so.

"And that is why, when the Fourth comes around, I make a swift and silent gallop for the primeval forest."

Uncle Sam's Expenses.

What does it cost to run the Government? This year the expenditures will be about six hundred and fifty-one million dollars, including one hundred and thirty-two million dollars for the postal service, which is nearly self-sustaining. The revenues will amount to about six hundred and ninety-four million dollars, leaving a surplus of forty-three million dollars. Last year's surplus was ninety-one million dollars, of which some seventy millions were used in the redemption of Government securities. The heaviest item in our national expenditure is the pension account, which now amounts to one hundred and thirty-eight million dollars a year, or nearly four hundred thousand dollars a day.—Success.

A DANGEROUS QUEST;

or, The Fate of the Dauntless Three.

By THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

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Begun in No. 20, May 16. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE FOREST.

Dainton's first impulse, on seeing that squad of men with Minter in their midst, was to run out to meet them and attack them with his knife. But a second thought told him that it would not be prudent to act with such rashness, for weak and exhausted as he was, he could not hope to successfully battle against such odds.

Then what should he do to attempt the rescue of Minter? He asked himself this question and pondered over it rapidly, trying to devise an answer. He well knew that if he was to do anything it must be done soon, for the minute Minter was conducted inside of the great building, all hope of rescue would be passed.

While Dainton was thinking and trying in vain to devise some plan of action, the Islanders came to a halt a short distance from him. He watched them closely to see what they meant to do, and he was so near that he could hear and understand all they said.

There was a short silence after they stopped, during which the men all stood looking about them and apparently listening intently. Then the leader spoke, saying:

"The rest of you men stay here and guard the prisoner while I go on and have a conversation with Juan."

"What is the use of that?" some one questioned.

"There is much use of it."

"I do not see it so."

"I do."

"We had as well take the prisoner with us and let Juan pass judgment on him. It will come to that in the end anyway."

"Fool," the leader cried, "do you think I am blind to an opportunity?"

"What opportunity do you mean?"

"An opportunity to do myself a good turn."

"I do not understand."

"Then I will enlighten you. I suppose you know that Juan Marcela would give a great deal to know that the American could be put out of the way?"

"Yes."

"And why?"

"Because he fears him."

"Exactly."

"But what is that to you?"

"It is a great deal."

"How?"

"I love Maria."

"You?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Juan Marcela will die."

"Yes, that is true."

"But he doesn't believe it."

"No."

"Well, I will go to Juan and I will say to him that I believe I can produce the prisoner before him."

"Yes."

"But that I must have a reward for my service."

"Just so."

"And that the reward I ask is that he bequeath to me the hand of Maria Villero, she to be my wife at his death."

"He will not do it."

"He will."

"I do not believe it."

"I know it. He is anxious to get the American out of his way, and he will not consider that he is promising me much in return, for he thinks he will live many years."

"Very well," one man replied. "Go on your mission and we will await your return."

"Then look sharp that your prisoner does not escape."

"We will see to that."

"And that the other does not come down on you and rescue him."

"Trust us to keep him safe," they replied, but at the same time looking uneasily around at the mention of Dainton. "He will be here at your return."

"I'm not so sure of that," whispered Dainton to himself. "I am not sure that you will ever return, for that matter."

Dainton crouched low in the weeds at the side of the road and waited patiently. The leader came stalking along, unmindful of any danger.

At the proper moment Dainton threw out his hand, and, striking the leader just below the knees, neatly doubled him up. In an instant he was on top of his victim preparing to gag him, but he found that unnecessary. He needed no gagging, for he was dead. His neck was broken in falling.

"Ha!" Dainton exclaimed when he discovered this fact. "I went farther than I intended. I did not mean to kill the rascal. But it is too late now to grieve. He's dead, and no mistake; and perhaps, after all, it is just as well that he is. I do not like the idea of killing people if it can be helped, but this has come to be a matter of life against life, and we are two against many. Poor devil! At any rate you will not trade Minter's life for Maria's hand, and you will not plot and plan against us again."

Dainton crept back into the weeds and lay down. He was less than three steps from the body of his victim, and hour after hour the two men—the living and the dead—lay there almost side by side.

It was an unpleasant situation for Dainton. It was unpleasant to have that "thing" lying there so close to him to haunt his mind with gruesome thoughts. Then he was troubled with thoughts of Antoinette. What would she think of his long absence? And was it not possible that she might become alarmed for his safety and start out in search of him? If she should do so, what might befall her?

"She will fall into the hands of those wretches," he said to himself, "and they will kill her."

He was strongly tempted to try to steal away and return to the cave, but in a moment he put that temptation aside.

"I cannot abandon Minter," he reasoned. "I must stay by him and liberate him or die with him."

Then again he settled down to wait, hoping that some of Minter's guards would become uneasy at their leader's long absence and go in quest of him. If two or three of them would go away he would venture to attack the rest and try to fight it out with them.

But hour after hour passed and none of the guards stirred from their post. It became evident that they meant to obey orders to the letter.

At last Dainton grew desperate and was half inclined to attack the whole guard, but on second thought he saw that such a movement would be the height of folly. It could have but one result. He, as well as Minter, would be the prisoner of those men.

"If I only had a half-dozen rounds of shot I could soon settle the matter. But, alas! I haven't them."

He began to grow weak with hunger and thirst. He had eaten nothing that day, nor had a drop of water touched his parched lips and burning throat. The hot sun beat down on him unmercifully from a cloudless sky. At a little distance away a brook murmured and bubbled along its rocky course. He could hear it plainly and at six steps he could have reached it, yet he did not dare to move.

The murmuring of that brook was maddening. Dainton stopped his ears to keep from hearing it. He tried to forget that water was so near, but, in trying to forget, remembered all the more forcibly.

The day wore away at last and the night came on. Yet the guards remained by Minter faithful to their trust. Not one of them left him. It looked as though they meant to stand their ground until their leader returned if it was an age.

"I had hoped they would go when night came," Dainton mused, "but I see they are not intending to do anything of the kind."

He thought for a little while, then he continued:

"There is nothing else for it but for me to attack the whole crowd. I cannot wait here in the hope of something transpiring to help me out. Nothing will transpire, and besides I am getting weaker every hour. I shall soon be too weak to make a fight."

He arose cautiously from his recumbent position and sat up. He drew several long breaths, trying to invigorate his body by filling his lungs with fresh air. He stretched his limbs to get the cramp out of them.

"I will have to fight those men," he said, "and I will do the best I can, though I cannot hope to accomplish much. I foresee the result. I shall be overpowered, and Minter and I shall both die."

He was silent for some time while the darkness gathered about him. He was thinking earnestly, and his thoughts were of Antoinette.

"Poor girl!" he said at last. "I wonder where she si andwwwfy, s n etaoin etaoin where she is and what she is doing? I would give the world to see her just once more, even for one moment. But I shall never see her again. If she waits for me in the cave she will wait long and in vain. Poor Antoinette! But for her I should not so much mind to die."

Dainton was silent again for a moment, then he was in the act of rising to begin a hopeless effort to release Minter from his captors. As he arose his eyes fell on the corpse that lay so near him.

Suddenly an idea entered his mind, and, pausing, he brought his hand down on his thigh and almost laughed aloud.

"I do not see why I had not thought of that plan before," he mused. "But now that I have thought of it I will do it. I will release Minter, but instead of making a hopeless fight I will accomplish my purpose by strategy."

He stole over to the dead body of the leader and began to strip the clothing from it preparatory to putting his newly-thought-of plan into execution.

CHAPTER XXII.

RECAPTURE OF ANTOINETTE.

No sooner had Dainton got well out of the way than the men who had been left to guard the cave came out of their hiding place and approached the entrance. Their purpose was to rescue Antoinette from what they believed to be captivity.

They did not offer to disturb Dainton as he passed them, for the reason that they feared him and were willing to let him go in peace. They had already had about as much experience with him as they cared about, and so long as there was only three of them they concluded that in their present case prudence was the best part of valor.

As they neared the mouth of the cave Antoinette emerged, and in an instant she and they were standing face to face. She was completely taken by surprise at this unexpected meeting, and for a little while stood staring at the men in stupid wonder. Soon, however, she regained her wits, and realizing her danger if she should fall into the hands of her people, turned to seek shelter in the cave.

But before she had taken a step one of the men caught her by the arm and held her fast, saying:

"Be not afraid, Antoinette, for the Americans are both gone and you are quite safe from them with us. We will take you away and they will not be able to recapture you."

She gazed at them in astonishment, not understanding their meaning, but she was so fortunate as to remain silent. The man went on, saying:

"We were returning to the building after the fight this morning and the great storm, when we saw the Americans enter the cave with you. Of course we could not understand how it had come about, but we knew that those men had taken you prisoner, so we waited to get you away."

Antoinette's quick mind took in the situation at once. She saw that these men knew nothing of her sympathy for the Americans, and that they were totally unaware of the rupture between her own people and herself.

She resolved to make the most of the ignorance of these men regarding her true condition, and in order to do that she would permit them to continue to entertain the idea that the Americans had brought her there against her will. She resolved to speak with caution, and to say nor do nothing to betray herself to them. However, she was anxious to earn what they knew of Dainton and Minter, so she asked:

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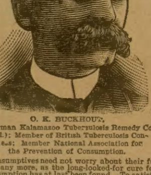

O. K. BUCKHOUT,
Chairman Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co. (Ltd.); Member of British Tuberculosis Congress; Member National Association for the Prevention of Consumption.

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Don't doubt this, for the very same discovery benefited A. H. Dingley, a son of Congressman Dingley of Dingley Tariff Bill fame, who after going West and South for relief was benefited by "Antidotum Tuberculose" after all else had failed.

So don't give up hope and don't spend your money in travel. Attend to it right away, for consumption spreads to other members of the family. If you have consumption or fear you are predisposed to it, write tonight to the Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co. (Ltd.) 1207 Main St., Kalamazoo, Mich., for the FREE Trial Treatment and the plain and comprehensive literature which they will gladly send you, all charges prepaid. Remember the trial treatment is absolutely FREE.

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

"Do you know where the Americans are gone?"

"One was captured and carried away by our people," one answered, "and now the other has gone to try to rescue him."

"Will he succeed?"

"Who, the latter?"

"Yes."

"No, he will not succeed. He, too, will be captured."

"Do you think so?"

"No doubt in the world of it. So you need have no further fears of them ever bothering you again."

Antoinette's heart gave a quick bound, induced by fear for Dainton's fate, and her face became deathly pale.

"Ah," she thought, "if this man should be speaking true and Dainton should fall into the hands of of his enemies!" He would be killed. She never for one moment had a doubt of that.

"Yet, what can I do to aid him?" she asked herself. And how could she find him?

She was pondering on these questions, trying in vain to answer them satisfactorily to herself, when one of the men said to her:

"We are going back to the building and we will take you with us, so come along and let's be moving."

This did not suit Antoinette at all, for she well knew that the minute she entered the building she would become indeed a prisoner. To go back among the people who knew of her escapade of the night before was but to court certain death. Yet, she could not afford to openly object to going. To do so with no apparent reason would but serve to awaken a suspicion in the minds of the men. She pondered a moment, then said:

"Very well, I am ready to go."

They started on, the men talking but little and Antoinette saying nothing. She was thinking over a plan she had formed, and watching for an opportunity to act on it

She had resolved that she would not enter the great building unless she should be carried there dead.

When they had walked on for some time one of her companions suddenly said to her:

"I cannot comprehend how it is that you fell into the hands of those Americans Have they been to the house since last night"

"No," she replied.

"Then how did they capture you"

"I was coming across the valley this morning and ran upon them."

"What were you doing out alone?"

"I had been to the scene of the fight last night."

"Why did you go there?"

"I was anxious to learn how it had gone, and whether our people had suffered any great loss."

"Ah! I see."

"It was a terrible fight."

"Yes, it was."

There followed a short pause, after which another of the men said:

"What were the Americans intending to do with you?"

"How should I know?" she asked in return.

"Did they not tell you?"

"No, they did not threatèn my life nor anything like that."

"[illegible]"

"They did not"

"But no doubt they meant to slay you?"

"I think not."

"What do you suppose, then, was their intention?"

"As I said just now, how should I know"

"It is curious," the third man said, "that they should leave Antoinette there in the cave alone and free"

"It is so," agreed one of the others. "I had not thought of that before, and I cannot account for it now."

Antoinette hesitated a moment, and then laughed lightly

"Perhaps they may not have much cared whether I escaped or remained," she said.

One of the men shook his head.

"They would not have brought you here simply to let you go away again."

"Then they may have thought they could trust me to keep my words. They made me promise to remain."

"They are not such fools as that."

"I will tell you, then, why they doubtless left me free."

"Why was it?"

"Do you suppose that Dainton, learning the struggle between Minter and our people at the mouth of the cave, would stop to give me a thought or to lose time in seeing that I was bound?"

"Ah, that sounds sensible. Of course he would not waste time on you under those circumstances. That accounts for your freedom."

Antoinette breathed easily again. She had feared that the suspicions of the men might be aroused and that they might conclude that all was not right with her.

Still she saw no opportunity to put her plan of escape into execution, though they were getting dangerously near their destination. She realized that if she was to effect an escape she must act shortly, for in a few more minutes it would be too late.

They were passing along a narrow path in the woods, following the edge of a little precipice which fell down fifteen or twenty feet to a bed of soft white sand. Suddenly Antoinette caught her foot in a vine, tripped and fell, and, before any one could catch her, she went tumbling down the precipice.

She lay at the bottom apparently lifeless, moving neither hand nor foot, her head bent back in a way that suggested that her neck was broken.

The men looked down on the still form for a little while in dumb astonishment, then they called her name, but she did not answer.

"She is dead," one suggested.

"Or badly hurt," another replied. "She is at least unconscious."

"She is dead," the first man repeated.

"Do you think so?"

"I do."

"Still, she may be only stunned by the fall," the third said.

"She is dead, I tell you," the first man insisted.

"How do you know?"

"Can you not see that her neck is broken?"

"It looks so."

"And it is so."

"Well, we must get down there to her."

"Yes, we must, but where shall we go down? I don't want to try this [illegible]."

"A little way on there is a path that leads down. I know the place well."

"Then lead us to it. Poor girl!"

"Aye, poor Antoinette!"

"She was a good, brave lass."

"She was so."

"And true as steel to her friends."

"She was, indeed."

"But she is dead now"

"Yes, and so suddenly killed."

"Snatched away without a moment's warning."

"Yes."

"So sad."

"Indeed it is."

"I always liked her because she was so trusty and free from guile"

"So did I. She—but where is she?"

They had arrived at the spot where Antoinette had fallen and where they had seen her lying apparently lifeless, but she was gone.

Further chapters of this thrilling story of war and love in the Isle of Cebu will be given Ledger readers next week. Our free cameras and patterns are being sent to all subscribers as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

WINGS OF THE WIND.

(Continued from page seven.)

righteous vengeance than aught else; but latterly I have learned to love the girl——"

"Love never seeks to render its object unhappy——"

"Stay your reproaches, lad. I know how you feel, and all you would say. I deserve your condemnation. Immediately after that unfortunate incident in the woods, when a [illegible] assassin fired upon you, I resolved to do my duty. I went to Hope and released her from all promises to me. Get well, my boy, and you and she shall yet be happy."

The two clasped hands, while tears coursed down the cheeks of the wounded man. When Colonel Tom went forth once more it was with a lighter heart than had been his in many a day. He left his wounded friend in a cheerful mood with prospects of an early convalescence

Not until the following day did the Colorado Colonel return to the house on the ridge. He left Evans Starling sleeping restfully, and, the doctor said, very much improved. Colonel Tom's step was elastic and he expanded his lungs with draughts of fresh, resinous air, as he crossed the lowlands and strode up the incline.

Hope met him at the door with eyes red and swollen from recent weeping. He could hardly account for this manifestation of grief since he had sent word of Starling's condition to the Raveners early that morning.

"Mamma is very bad," said the girl, by way of explanation.

"Then I may not see her——"

"Yes; she was about sending for you. Will you go to her now, Colonel Dunsmore?"

He followed the girl to her mother's bedside, where she left the two alone together. Mrs. Ravener was very weak, yet she greeted her visitor with a smile, holding out a thin, blue-veined hand to his clasp.

"I see it all now," she said, in a low voice as he sat down at the bedside, still holding her hand. "I have felt all these weeks that you were not a stranger to me, Floyd. I never guessed the truth, though till you mentioned the past—that awful night on Lake Huron so many years ago—then—then I——"

She gasped, choked and seemed about to lose consciousness. He fanned her with his hat, and begged her to be calm. After a brief time she spoke again, yet with extreme difficulty:

"I feel that I cannot explain; oh, would to Heaven that I could, but it is too late now. I must speak of Hope. You must know—you do really love her, do you not"

"With all my heart and soul."

"It is but natural that you should, Floyd, since she is your own child."

"Hope my child!"

Colonel Tom saw things as in a dream. The room began to whirl, and it was only with a supreme effort of will that he controlled himself. The woman's words were a revelation.

"Yes; your child and mine, Floyd. Did you never suspect it? My God, how thankful I am that this knowledge comes in time to——"

"Hope our child! This is too much!" murmured the haughty Colonel, bowing his head upon the pillow beside the woman whose face was as colorless as that of the dead.

"Our child, Floyd." Sobs choked further utterance on her part.

The stalwart frame of the Colorado Colonel shook with the strongest, deepest emotion of his life. The deep sense of past wrongs seemed in a measure swept away. His first outpouring of love for Hope, the girl he had supposed his rival's daughter, was now explained. The sun of a new day seemed to suddenlyl dawn in the bitter somberness of Colonel Tom's life.

A sudden thrill shot over him. He started up with a low cry. This woman beside him was his wife; aye, still his wife, and a look on the pinched, pallid features on the pillow held him spell-bound.

"I—I was not as bad as you thought, Floyd," murmured the purpling lips. "I meant no wrong. Hope is yours, Floyd. Treasure her and let no harm come to her."

"Trust me, Mrs. Ravener; she shall be cared for, and you——

"Forgive—forgive——"

He saw an appealing look in her beautiful eyes, still beautiful, though the mists of sorrow and shame were clouding them. His heart was touched.

"You are forgiven, Beryl," he said, softly. The wistful look still lingered, however, and faint, low words fluttered over the stiffening lips.

"K—kiss me, Floyd."

He bent at the words and pressed a soft touch upon her moist brow. When he again raised his head his glance caught a faint smile on the [illegible] utterable love [illegible] the filming eyes. One moment thus, then the slender limbs became rigid, and Colonel Tom gazed into the face of the dead.

The snows of winter sifted over the hills, covering the bushy hemlocks, and fell in feathery white flakes over the saw logs on the Ravener acres when we again look upon the scene. Weeks have passed since the sods were heaped above the grave of erring, remorseful Beryl Elliston.

Colonel Tom goes about a changed man. He is far happier now than he has been since that night when he drank with his chum to the beauty of his bride in the cabin of the "Wings of the Wind"

He will soon be alone at the house on the ridge. Everything is his now; every foot of the handsome Ravener property, and the one-time owner, gay, reckless, wicked Craik Ravener, occupies a cell in a madhouse, whither he was conveyed soon after the death of his wife. When Floyd Elliston thinks of this he realizes that his wrongs have been amply avenged.

His heart throbs with pride and affection when he thinks of beautiful Hope, more beautiful than Beryl of old, as she passed from the house on the arm of her newly-wedded husband, Evans Starling. She has heard the story of the past and smiles down on Colonel Tom—"Papa Tom," as she waves him farewell from her place in the carriage which is to bear the happy couple to the nearest railway station, from whence they go on a honeymoon tour of the Eastern cities

"Be good till we return, papa," called the sweet-faced bride, as the carriage rolled away.

"Trust me for that," mutters the Colonel, watching the carriage till it is lost to view at a bend in the road. A tear stood in the good gray Colonel's eye as he reentered the house and sat down to revel in his own thoughts.

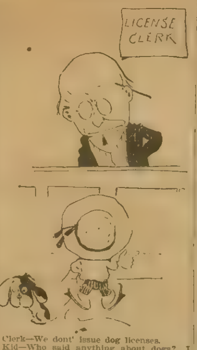
We will state here that Spicer Brillet was apprehended soon after his base attempt on the life of Starling, a crime to which he confessed after being convicted of the murder of Mrs. Ravener. He is now serving out a life sentence in the Michigan penitentiary.

Under the spell of a fragrant cigar Colonel Tom revels in pleasant pictures of the future, when, in the home of his childhood, surrounded with every comfort that money can procure, he will live the easy life of a lumber baron, with stalwart Evans Starling to shoulder all the cares of business.

Floyd Thomas Elliston is far happier than he once believed it possible for him to be. The past seems more like a horrible nightmare than a reality. He has put it resolutely from him, hurling all his cares away on the wings of the wind, resolved on accepting in the future all the good things in life the gods provide.

(The end.)

Misunderstood.



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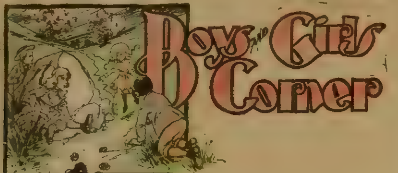

FOUND IN THE WOODS;

or, A Bound Boy's Adventures.

By E. E. YOUMANS.

Author of "A Mystery of the Forest," "The Lone Island," Etc.

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CHAPTER V.

AT THE OLD MILL.

Just over the top of the hill another road turned off from this one, on which Mr. Dare's farm was located. The house stood only a short distance from the corner, and when they reached the turn, Harry said:

"Wait here a minute, Tim; I want to run up to the house."

"What's the matter with driving up? We have got time enough."

"No; there's no use of that. Wait here, and I'll be back right away," said Dare.

He sprang from the wagon and ran up the road. He came back again in a few minutes, and startled Tim by flourishing a revolver.

"What'd you get that for," demanded the latter in surprise.

"To use on our mutual friend, the peddler, if necessary."

"Pshaw! he's miles away from here by now."

"Don't be too sure. I've been thinking about him ever since you told me about your trouble with him, and like Billy, I've a sneaking notion we'll run across him again. Anyhow, it'll do no harm to take this along, then if he should attack us, we can defend ourselves."

He climbed into the wagon as he spoke, and they drove on. It was still quite hot, and they did not urge the horse above a walk, knowing they could make up this time coming home.

After awhile they reached the big woods and drove in under the trees where the cool shade was refreshing.

Even old Jerry was glad to get out of the sun, and with his head lowered and his ears sticking out, he moved steadily along, drawing his load contentedly.

"This is fine," said Harry, removing his hat, and allowing the cool breeze to fan his face. "I wish we could have it all the way there."

"Hoeing corn isn't in it compared with this," answered Tim; "and I'm glad the boss had to send me."

A moment later he pulled the horse in sharply.

"What's the trouble?" asked Harry.

"See that rag over there in the bushes?" said Tim, excitedly, pointing to the side of the road.

"Well, what of it?"

"It looks like the handkerchief the peddler had around his head this morning."

He jumped out and secured the rag, returning with it to the wagon. An examination proved that there was blood marks on the inside, and Tim felt sure that it had been left there by the peddler. This showed that he had passed that way, and might even now be lurking behind the trees, and they glanced around apprehensively.

They could see nothing to warrant this belief, however, and the feeling of uneasiness began to abate.

Of course, thanks to Harry's precaution, they had the revolver with them, and could make it warm for the ruffian should he attack them. But it was not likely that he would do this openly, for his experience earlier in the day had convinced him that Tim at least could defend himself.

He would be more apt to arm himself, and hiding behind the trees, wait until they had gone by, then attack them from the rear. This is what they feared, at least, and they kept a close watch on all sides as they rode along.

Nothing occurred to alarm them, however, and at last they passed through the woods into the open country.

The mill could be seen looming up half a mile or so farther on, and the roar of the machinery could be heard even at this distance as the water thundered over the wheel.

"We'll soon be there now," said Tim. "I hope Mr. Carson can attend to us at once."

"You don't have to wait for the corn to be ground, do you?" asked Dare.

"Sure; that's what the boss said."

"Why, it'll be nearly dark before we can get away, and we'll have that woods to go through," continued Harry, anxiously.

"Can't help it," said Tim. "That's Bell's orders, and I'll have to do it."

When they reached the mill they backed up to the platform. Mr. Carson happened to be able to begin grinding the corn at once, so after it was unloaded old Jerry was tied to a post near by, and the boys prepared to amuse themselves while the work was being done.

Harry suggested a swim in the mill pond, and Tim agreed. They told the miller where they could be found when wanted, then started up the hill that formed part of the dam to the pond above.

"Be careful, boys," called the miller, warningly. "Keep well away from the race while you're in the water. The current is strong there, and there's danger of being carried over the wheel."

"All right, sir," said Tim; "we'll look out."

When they reached the pond they made their way to a point a little farther up, where there was a good place to disrobe. They were obliged to cross the race by means of a bridge that spanned it at this point, and upon seeing how swift the water rushed through it, Tim felt that Carson's warning was fully warranted.

"The water is rough here," he said.

"Oh, yes," answered Harry, carelessly. "Still I wouldn't be afraid to swim across farther up."

"I wouldn't risk it," said Tim, as they crossed over and reached the spot where they intended to undress.

The bank was several feet high here, and the water deep, affording an excellent place to dive from, and by swimming a little ways down they could easily climb out again.

Tim was the first to plunge in. He swam out into the pond and called to Harry:

"It's just fine. The water is warm enough to stay in for hours."

Harry took a header, coming to the surface some distance beyond Tim.

"Let's see you swim as far as that under water. Bet you can't do it," he cried, as he began sporting about.

"Bet you I can," said Tim, accepting the challenge, and starting for the shore.

He climbed out, and, taking a short run, plunged in, coming up a few feet beyond Harry's score, who at once proceeded to do better. They kept this up for some time, but Tim held the lead, and Dare at last acknowledged himself beaten.

"You've got the best of me there," he said, "but I'll show you something I don't think you can do."

"What is it?" asked Tim, as he crawled up on the bank.

Dare pointed down toward the head of the race where the current began to gather force.

"Go down there and swim back against the tide."

But Tim stepped back, shaking his head. Harry laughed. He did not think it was a dangerous thing to attempt, and was confident he could do it.

"You're afraid, eh?" he said.

"I wouldn't be if it was necessary to do it, but I don't care to take the risk just for the fun of the thing," answered our hero.

"If I do it first, will you follow?"

"Not by a good deal. What do you take me for?"

"A fellow who is scared at nothing," was the answer. "However, you beat me at swimming under water, but I'll be hanged if I don't do you here."

He did not hesitate. Plunging into the pond, he swam toward the race. Tim ran along the bank, shouting for him to return.

"Don't do it, Harry," he cried. "You'll be carried down the race and over the wheel."

But Dare paid no heed. He moved on toward the current, a smile of confidence on his face.

"Don't be alarmed," he shouted back, "I can do it, and not half try."

Seeing he was determined, Tim stood on the bank and watched him with breathless interest. He was sure Harry had undertaken something which he could not do. He knew the tide at this point was even stronger than it appeared to be from the shore.

Dare soon reached the swiftly-running water, and Tim was appalled as he saw how quickly it seized and bore him along.

The swimmer did not appear to mind it, however, and after allowing himself to be borne some distance down, he turned to come back.

He struck out against the tide, increasing his efforts with each stroke. For one brief moment he seemed to make a little headway, then only to hold his own, and finally to drop slowly back.

The smile on his face changed to an expression of doubt, and he exerted himself to the utmost. The attempt was useless; slowly but surely he was carried toward the race.

He fully realized his peril now, and, calling all his strength into action, battled valiantly to stem the tide.

But the [illegible] exertion soon began to tell upon him. His strength rapidly left him, and he was carried toward the rushing mill race with awful swiftness. He could not keep up much longer.

"Help! Help!" he managed to call.

At the same moment the full force of the current caught him, submerging him entirely, and whirling his body into the race like a shot.

He came to the surface a second or two later, and made a feeble attempt to grasp the planking that formed the breakwater, but missed it, and with a despairing cry fell back into the current and was rushed on down the sluice.

Then Tim bounded forward. He could see Harry's white face above the water as the tide carried him on, and he strained every muscle to reach him before he was borne to a horrible death over the massive mill wheel.

A little distance in advance the sluice made a slight turn, and Tim was quick to

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"WILL RUFF."

W—7

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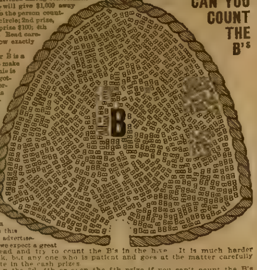
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CAN YOU COUNT THE B's

Six prizes amounting to $1,000 to be divided among contestants. Not guessing, simply counting. We will give $1,000 away in cash in six prizes, 1st prize, $500, to the person counting the exact number of B's in the circle; 2nd prize, $250 to the next nearest correct; 3rd prize $100; 4th prize $75; 5th prize $50; 6th prize $25. Read carefully the conditions so you will know exactly how to send in your count.

This hive is full of B's. Each letter B is a type and the type is mixed up so as to make the B's hard to count. We think this is the best puzzle contest we have ever gotten up. It is an easy puzzle to understand but a hard one to count. It is simple, so there is no chance for misunderstanding. In case two or more persons should answer correctly, then the $500 will be divided equally among those sending in the correct answer. The other prizes will be treated the same way; that is, if there are two or more entitled to any one prize, then the cash is equally divided. This contest will close on Monday evening, August 31, 1903, at midnight. All answers sent in between now and then will be entitled to compete. This bee hive puzzle is gotten up for the purpose of advertising the WOMAN'S WORLD and making it popular in every home. Every person who sees this bee hive puzzle will know it is an advertisement for the WOMAN'S WORLD, and we expect a great many thousand persons will read and try to count the B's in the hive. It is much harder to count the B's than you think, but any one who is patient and goes at the matter carefully has a good chance to participate in the cash prizes.

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see that by swerving to the right he could gain at least a dozen feet. He made the turn and plunged on, shouting at the top of his voice for assistance.

CHAPTER VI.
BESIEGED IN THE WOODS.

Fortunately the miller was standing in the door at the time, and the wild cry reached his ears. He sprang from the platform, and bounded up the hill, reaching the sluice just in time to see Dare's body come whirling down, now only a few feet from the ponderous wheel.

Tim had succeeded in getting ahead of the current, thanks to his promptness in changing his course, and he and Mr. Carson reached the race at the same point.

The miller saw at once the only thing to do, and quickly dropped at full length near the top of the race. Then he seized Tim by the feet and plunged him head down toward the water. He was a big and powerful man, and managed to hold the youth suspended there with comparative ease.

"Grab him as he comes along," yelled the miller, "and I'll pull you both up."

Tim shuddered for an instant as he realized what the result would be should the miller's hold slip, but he did not have much time to think of his own peril. The body of his friend was even now before him, and thrusting out his hands, he grasped it by one arm.

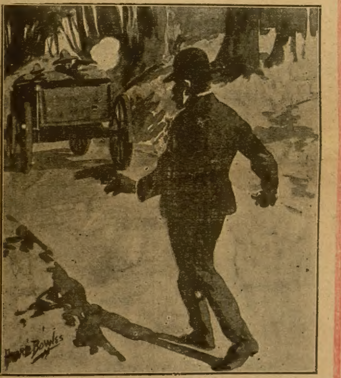
"Hold on him for your life now," cried Carson. "He'll go over the wheel if you let go."

But Tim was in no danger of doing this. He held on with a grip of tenacity and a moment later the powerful arms of the miller drew them safely over the top of the race.

Harry was in a semi-unconscious state, and they had to work over him for nearly five minutes before he was fully himself. Then he sat up, pale and weak, and a sickly smile hovered around his mouth.

"I thought I was a goner that time," he said, faintly. "How did you manage to fish me out?"

Now that the danger was over, Carson got angry. He had warned them against this very thing, and knew that it was because they had disobeyed him that the accident occurred.



Aiming with care Tim fired.

"It's lucky for you, young man, that I heard Tim yelling," he said, angrily. "I suppose you were up to some of your smart capers and got left."

"That's the way it was," said Harry, meekly.

"Next time you'll probably listen to those who are older, an' know more'n you do," continued the man, coldly.

"Don't scold, Mr. Carson," said the youth. "I'll do better next time, and I'm much obliged to you for hauling me out."

This mollified the miller, and he replied:

"That's all right. But you'd better get into your clothes and come away from the pond."

He went back to his work and the boys started toward the place where they had undressed. As they passed the spot where the current first caught him, Harry stopped and looked out over the water.

"Who'd think the cursed thing was so strong there?" he said. "From here it looks as if anybody could swim against it."

"That's the trouble," Tim answered. "You can never tell how strong a current is till you get in it."

"And then it's too late," said Dare, grimly.

Having put on their garments, they returned to the mill, and were greeted by a glad neigh from old Jerry as he caught sight of them.

"Did you think I had deserted you?" asked Tim, stroking his neck affectionately.

They went into the building where the miller was busily engaged grinding the corn, to find that he had fully recovered his good temper, and was whistling cheerily as he worked.

"I'll soon have the stuff ready for you, Tim," he cried. "I suppose you're in a hurry to get home?"

"Not particularly; only I'd like to get through the woods before dark."

"Afraid, eh?" asked Carson.

"No; not much. But there's a certain peddler roaming around the country, whom I can't say I'd care to meet."

He gave an account of the morning episode, and told how they had found the discarded handkerchief while coming through the woods.

The miller laughed heartily when Tim told how he had hit the ruffian with the cup. Then his face assumed a serious expression as he said:

"It wouldn't be a bad idea to get through the woods before night. I think he's some where around yet."

"Why so?" asked Tim, uneasily.

"Because I didn't see him pass by the mill, and I've been here all day. I would have known it if he had gone by."

Tim did not like to hear this. He had thought that the peddler had gone on across country, and was far away by this time, but the finding of the handkerchief, coupled with what Carson just told him, made him feel decidedly uneasy.

However, there was no way to remedy the matter except by getting through the woods as soon as possible, and he was tempted to start at once and go back for the feed some other time. It was only because he knew that it would lead to another row with Mr. Bell should he return without it that he did not do so.

The miller hurried it along as fast as he could, but even so the sun had gone down and the shades of night were falling when they were at last ready to start.

Carson offered to go with them through the woods, but they did not care to let him see that they were really afraid, and told him that it was not necessary. Then, the fact that they had the revolver with them, made them feel safer than they otherwise would have felt, and they drove away on a brisk trot.

When they reached the woods the horse suddenly stopped.

With a feeling of alarm they peered ahead through the gloom.

Behind them in the west the light of the dying day was still visible, but the shadow cast by the forest in advance was too dense to be penetrated.

They strained their eyes to the utmost but could detect nothing save the faint outlines of the road as it stretched away between the trees. A score of men might be lurking in the shadow without being seen.

An instant before the horse stopped Tim thought he saw the outlines of a man spring across the highway, but it was gone the next second, and he was unable to determine whether it really was anything or only a freak of his excited imagination.

And his imagination was excited. He had been conjuring up all sorts of unpleasant possibilities while approaching the woods, so that now when the entrance to it was at hand, he was in a condition of mind that rendered him susceptible to almost any hallucination.

As the time passed, however, and nothing more occurred to suggest the presence of peril, they began to think that something might be wrong with the harness, and that the horse had stopped on this account.

Such proved to be the case. Harry, in looking down, discovered the trouble, when he suddenly said:

"The britchen has broken."

There hung the strap dangling against the horse's hocks, while the cross-bar of the shafts was pressing against his legs. No wonder he stopped; had he been a vicious horse Tim would have had good cause to become excited.

An examination, however, soon proved that the britchen was not even broken, it having only become unbuckled, and Tim was not long in fixing it, right after which they drove into the woods.

The silence was profound and the gloom

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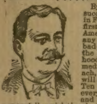

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oppressive. In spite of themselves, they felt uneasy, and began to wish that they had accepted the miller's offer to accompany them through the woods.

"It's beastly dark," said Harry. "You cant' see ten yards ahead."

"Jerry is safe enough," said Tim. "He'll keep the road all right. What was that?" he suddenly added, as a slight noise in the underbrush reached their ears.

"A ground squirrel running over the leaves, probably," answered Harry, in a shaky voice. "Hurry the horse along."

Tim did so, and for more than five minutes they moved on at a brisk trot. They had just began to hope they would get through the woods in safety, when all at once a sharp noise was heard at the side of the road, and the horse shied badly.

The next moment a heavy hand seized the bridle, and old Jerry was forced back on his haunches, while a rough voice, which Tim at once recognized, called out:

"We've got yer now, ther devil take yer! Git out'n that waggin, an' be cussed quick erbout it!"

It was the peddler and there was no doubt that he meant mischief. For a moment Tim was undecided what to do; then he suddenly pulled up on the reins, and struck the horse sharply with the whip. The animal made a bound ahead, but the ruffian had secured a good hold on the bit, and succeeded in forcing him back again.

"None er that!" he roared; "er by ther alfired blazes, it'll go hard with yer!"

Again Tim struck the horse, and once more old Jerry sprang forward. He was thoroughly aroused now, and tried hard to break away. The peddler uttered a fierce imprecation, and tugged at the bit.

"Whoa!" he yelled. "Whoa, I say!"

But the horse was rapidly getting the best of him.

"Help me here, Hank, quick!" he cried. "Grab ther bit on ther other side."

This proved he had an accomplice, and the boys realized that the situation was even more serious than at first appeared. It would go badly with them should they fall into the hands of the desperadoes, and with a loud shout, Tim struck the plunging horse again.

Old Jerry gave a mighty leap. The whiffletree snapped under the terrific strain, the reins were pulled through Tim's hands in a thrice, the outlaw was hurled aside, and the next moment, with a snort of terror, the horse galloped madly away up the road, leaving the wagon standing in the middle of the highway.

The peddler picked himself up with a cry of rage.

"Come on, Hank!" he shouted. "By ther infarnal thunder we've got 'em!"

Tim was wildly excited. He leaped over the seat to the rear of the wagon, calling out to Dare:

"The revolver, Harry. Fire, quick! Keep them away from the wagon!"

But Dare had already drawn the weapon. The peddler was close to the vehicle, while his accomplice could be heard advancing from the other side.

Harry did not hesitate. He was angry as well as frightened, and he fired twice in quick succession.

He did not have time to take much aim, for the work of repelling the advance had to be done before the enemy reached the wagon. And for a time at least this was successful. The ruffian quickly sprang back into the shadow, at the same time shouting to his confederate:

"Look out, Hank! By ther etarnal, they hev got er gun!"

This worthy soon placed himself behind a neighboring tree, and again firing in the direction he heard them go, Harry called out:

"Get away, both of you. If you come near the wagon again we'll shoot you down like dogs. We're armed and not afraid of you."

"We'll see erbout that," answered the peddler. "An' so fur as shootin' goes, we kin do some o' that, too. How's that fur ther furst time?"

There was a bright flash from the side of the road, and the youth felt a ball tear its way through the sleeve of his coat.

This showed that the outlaws were also armed, and meant them harm. Something must be done or they might both be shot.

Quick as thought Dare fired again, taking care this time to take aim. A shout of rage made him think the shot had not been wasted.

"Am yer hit, Hig?" asked the peddler, as he heard his confederate going on at a great rate.

"My eye is knocked out," roared the outlaw, stamping around like a maniac. "Ther ball knocked er piece o' bark from ther tree an' it hit me in ther face. Jest wait till we git hold on ye," he yelled to the boys. "Yer'll pay dear fer this, blastnation to yer!"

"Go away, then, and let us alone," said Harry, trying hard to steady his voice. "You have no right to interfere with us, and we don't mean to let you harm us if we can help it. You'd better behave yourselves, and go quietly away."

He hoped this would have an effect, but was soon convinced that the ruffians were not to be so easily gotten rid of. They were bent on capturing the boys, and the latter knew that they were in a desperate situation. What would the end be?

Meanwhile the outlaws were quiet, and the boys grew more alarmed each moment. The silence was ominous, giving them as much cause for fear as the discharge of a shot would have done.

They were sure the marauders would try to steal upon them unawares, and a close watch was kept all around the wagon. They could see fairly well within a dozen feet or so of the vehicle, for by this time their eyes had become accustomed to the gloom under the trees.

Tim had piled the bags of feed around the sides of the wagon body, leaving only space enough between them to look through, and they both crouched down behind this barricade, anxiously awaiting the besiegers' next move.

How ardently they hoped for some one to come along whom they could summon to their assistance. But of this there was little likelihood.

It was comparatively early in the evening yet, to be sure, and travel had hardly ceased for the day, but this portion of the road was dark and lonely, and seldom frequented by the farmers after night fall.

How fortunate it was that Harry had brought the revolver. Had it not been for this they would have fallen into the hands of the enemy at the first attack. But the little weapon had proved a powerful agent in making a successful resistance so far, and Dare continued to hold it ready to use again when required.

He had reloaded the discharged chambers, having thrust the box of cartridges in his pocket when he got the pistol, and for this providential bit of forethought he was now very thankful.

The necessity to use the revolver again was close upon them.

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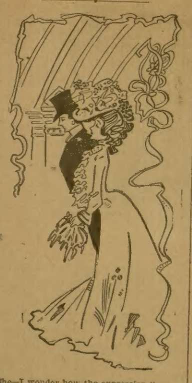

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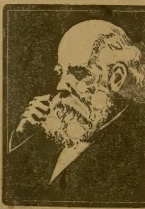

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Are you unhappy? Does life seem a burden? To the woman in perfect health merely living is joy. Do not despair. There is help. GYNOCHINE will cure you. It is yours for the asking. Have you inflammation or falling of the womb, delayed, scanty or painful periods, whites, ovarian disease, pain in the back or side, nervousness or nerve exhaustion, sick headache, dizziness, faintness, irritability, sleeplessness, melancholy, do you feel "plumb worn out" with heavy limbs and tired, aching body? GYNOCHINE will cure the most obstinate cases. I have taken these extracts from two recent letters by special permission:

CHICAGO, March 9, 1903.
DR. E. N. FLINT: I have had female trouble for years and about given up hope. I began taking Gynochine this morning.
MRS. BRIDGET SHAFER, 16 Alexander Ave.

CHICAGO, June 7, 1903.
DEAR DR. FLINT: I have taken the six bottles and I am a well woman. It seems almost too good to be true.
MRS. BRIDGET SHAFER

N. B.—I will forfeit a thousand dollars if I cannot show the originals of all letters published. Gynochine is not sold in stores. You can get it only from the doctor's laboratory direct. Pint bottle, $1. Six pint bottles, $5, shipped to any address on receipt of price. LADY AGENTS WANTED ON LIBERAL TERMS.

For a trial bottle absolutely free and postpaid send name and address to

DR. E. N. FLINT, 5422 INDIANA AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

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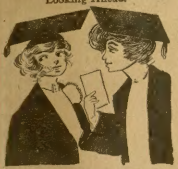
Looking Ahead.



"So you have taken up the study of law?"

"Yes: it is always well to be posted on alimony and such things, you know."

Kubelik Plays for the Insane.

The English papers tell an anecdote of Kubelik's performance at a lunatic asylum. The doctor in charge held, with Congreve, that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and the distraught mind. So he asked the great violinist to play something, "something lively," a request to which Kueblik responded by playing a brilliant Slav composition. The patients, who were seated about the platform in chairs, all seemed deeply interested in the music. "As I finished," says Kubelik, "a pretty young woman rose and beckoned to me. Artistlike, I thought she wanted an encore, and said to the doctor, 'Ask her what she desires.' He rose to his feet and was about to question her, when she exclaimed: 'To think of the likes of me being in here and he being at large in the wur-r-ld!' This was the first and last performance I gave at a lunatic asylum."

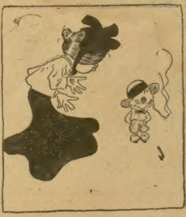
Society.

The Society Islands are situated in the South Sea.

When Caucasians first approached these islands, they observed that none of the womenkind wore much of anything."

"Why, they're all in society," exclaimed the Caucasians, in amazement, and named the islands the Society Islands, forthwith.

An Honor.



"Gracious, my boy! What a black eye! Come with me, and I'll cure it."

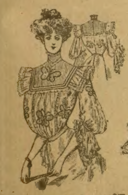
"Not on your life! Dat eye wus give me by Cap'n Jimmie, of de ball team, wit' his own hands."

Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

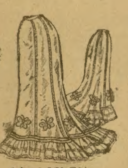
The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted--second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do as here stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money.

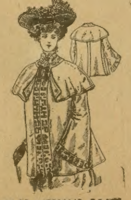
PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.



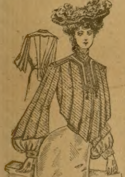
4417 WOMANS WAIST 32-40 BUST



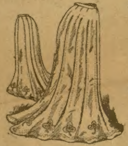
4413 SEVEN GORED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST



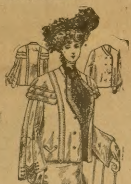
4433 WOMANS COAT 32-40 BUST



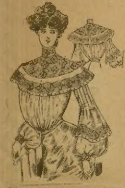
4427 TUCKED ETON 32-40 BUST



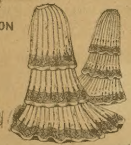
4429 CIRCULAR SKIRT 22-30 WAIST



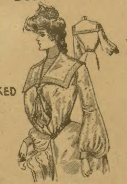
4436 WOMANS COAT 32-40 BUST



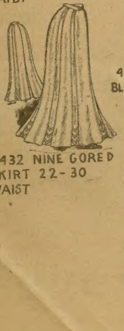
4437 FANCY WAIST 32-40 BUST



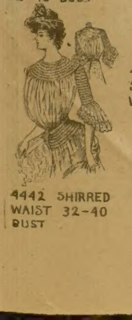
4438 TRIPLE TUCKED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST



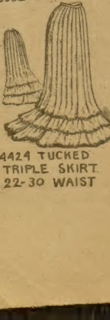
4426 MISSES SAILOR BLOUSE 12-16 YRS



4432 NINE GORED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST



4442 SHIRRED WAIST 32-40 BUST



4424 TUCKED TRIPLE SKIRT 22-30 WAIST

ALLIGATOR
PUNCTUREPROOF SELF-HEALING BICYCLE TIRES
NAILS, TACKS AND GLASS WILL NOT LET THE AIR OUT.
ALL SIZES
NO TIRE MADE LIKE IT
REGULAR PRICE $10 NOW ONLY $4.95 PER PAIR
Sent C.O.D. subject to examination anywhere. No deposit required. Express paid only when cash accompanies order. Catalog free, with description and key to this illustration.
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The Great Secret Writing System.
FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS.
Every lover and everyone who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address,
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These 30 complete novels are by some of the most celebrated authors in Europe and America. The stories offer one of the largest and most varied collections in America and will prove delightful reading to our friends who get them free. We mean just what we say, all we ask is that you send two yearly subscribers to Woman's World at 15 cents each and the 30 Novels will be sent to you by mail all postage prepaid. We make you this enticing offer to get the American people interested in Woman's World which already has a circulation of over 800,000 copies. Still we want to have twice this circulation. We are a responsible concern with a capital of $1,000,000 and we do just as we agree. Send your club today and get the 30 complete novels. Address,
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Rose Lodge, by Mrs. Henry Wood.
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The Pearl-Diver's Prize, by M. T. Caldor.
In One Short Year, by Hugh Conway.
WOMAN'S WORLD, 34 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.
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8 Ever Blooming ROSES FREE

TO get you interested we will send you absolutely free, all charges prepaid, the following eight roses: They are not cheap, common roses; they are the choicest and most famous varieties. They are healthy, well-rooted plants; well packed, and we guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition; accompanying each lot of plants there are full directions for planting, care, etc.
CLIMBING METEOR—It has been called perpetual blooming, climbing, General Jacqueminot. It is a free, persistent bloomer, and will make a growth of from 10 to 15 feet in a season; in bloom all the time. Its flowers, deep, rich red and are much larger than Meteor and are richer in color. It is just the rose to train up the veranda or around windows.
THE BRIDE—The largest white ever-blooming rose grown. The color is a delicate creamy white, very full flowers, measuring from 3½ to 4 inches in diameter.
DUCHESS DE BRABANT—This rose combines exquisite perfume, beautiful coloring and a matchless profusion of flowers and foliage. Soft, light rose, with heavy shading of amber and salmon.
BRIDESMAID—The bud is of exquisite shape and contour, so solid and firm, and stems are so long and stiff that no other rose will compare with it in keeping qualities after being cut. It is a bright pink, and is the same color all the time, under every condition of the weather and surroundings.
CLOTHILDE SOUPERT—It is a strong, vigorous grower. The flowers are large, double and beautiful in form, borne in sprays, and the color blends from a soft-shell pink to a pure satiny white.
THE UNIQUE ROSE, MME. FRANCESKA KRUGER—The striking color of this handsome rose places it at once in the front as a bud producer in the open air. In its shading of deep, coppery yellow it stands unique and distinct from all others. The flower, when open, is of good size and very symmetrical. One of the finest roses to plant in masses and clumps.
SAFRANO—Bright apricot-yellow, changing to orange and fawn, sometimes tinted with rose; valued highly for its beautiful buds; fragrant and a rampant grower.
MARIE VAN HOUTTE—Pale yellow, edge of petals often lined with rose, well formed, of good habit, and in every respect a most charming sort. The finest Tea Rose for outdoor culture.
All we ask of you is that you secure a club of three yearly subscribers for WOMAN'S WORLD at our special combined club rate of 50 cents for three yearly subscriptions. Send the names and addresses of the three subscribers and enclose 50 cents, and we will have shipped you at any time you desire the set of eight beautiful roses as described above, carefully packed, all charges prepaid, free. The regular club subscription rate for WOMAN'S WORLD is 25 cents, but we are making a special combined rate of 50 cents for three subscribers on this offer. We are making this extraordinary offer to introduce WOMAN'S WORLD, which is the best high-class magazine ever published at a popular price.
Remember, you can secure for us as many subscribers as you can, and for each club of three we send you free another set of 8 beautiful roses, as described above, all charges paid. Begin your work at once. When sending your clubs, state when you want to plant, and we will have the roses sent at that time. Copies of WOMAN'S WORLD sent you on request. Address
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BOYS WANTED TO SELL THE BLADE AND LEDGER.

We want a boy in every town to act as agent. We start you without asking a cent in advance. Fill out the blank below and we will send you a bundle of BLADES AND LEDGERS by mail, also report blanks, instructions, and certificate of agency. You report each week, paying only for papers you sell. You keep 2 cents out of every 5 cent sale and send us 3 cents. In this way you can earn a nice sum each week. No experience necessary. We send full instructions so you can begin at once. Tear out the coupon below and send it in.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago.

GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent. I agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc. Yours truly,

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Street.................................... Town....................................

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

The Sweet Miss Peas.

We're a rainbow band
  With sunbonnets gay;
We're nodding and smiling
  The whole summer day.

We are white with terror,
  'Cause naughty boys steal
Away our sweet sisters—
  Just think how you'd feel!

Some are purple with rage,
  When rude people dare
To say we are common,
  Or not at all fair!

Then others turn yellow
  At hearing men cry;
"Miss Rose is the beauty,
  For her we would die!"

And all pink with blushes
  Are those when 'tis said,
These are the sweetest,
  These we would wed.

But how mixed we appear
  When folks want to know
How so many youngsters
  In one bed can grow?

We're often quite rakish,
  And sometimes in weeds;
But we never sow more
  Than a few little seeds.

Grumbling Katie.

Katie had reached an age when she grumbled from morning till night. If it rained, she longed for sunshine; if the sun shone forth in all his glory, she wanted rain to make a puddle in the yard, and so things were going from bad to worse, and worse to even worse than that.

One morning Jack, her big brother, called to her from the porch, where he stood with his schoolbooks under his arm. "Come out here a minute, sis. I want to show you something."

"Oh, I can't," responded Katie. "My face aches and my shoestring's broken, and it's going to rain too."

"For pity's sake, Katie, do be cheerful, please," Jack replied. "You are alweys complaining."

Seeing nothing to indicate that Katie was coming, Jack slung his pack of books over his shoulder, and, whistling a merry tune, went off to school.

Katie stood for a moment disconsolately peering between the curtains at her big brother, whom in her innermost heart she adored.

"I wonder if he does think I am always complaining," she thought. "He didn't wait for me, though, and I think he's a mean old thing anyway." But, strange, to say, a tear or two rolled slowly down the child's chubby cheek.

All day long at school Jack's words echoed in Katie's heart and mind. "Complaining, complaining, complaining," she finally cried in despair. "I wish Jack had never said that to me. I am sick of that horrid old word."

"Why not stop it, then, my dear," said Aunt Alice, who sat sewing near by. "I overheard what you were saying and have wondered for a long time why my sweet little Katie didn't try to overcome that fault."

"Oh, Aunt Alice," Katie replied, throwing herself into her aunt's arms. "I am going to try, but anyway Jack was cross to me this morning."

"Jack was only in a hurry, that was all," said Aunt Alice, a twinkle creeping into her eye. "Boys haven't as much patience as girls, you know."

Katie dried her eyes, and with a smiling face then and there set herself to work to show her mother and father, and indeed all the household, that she could and would stop grumbling.

Nora, the cook, questioned long and loud as to what had happened to "Miss Katie," and asked Aunt Alice quietly if she thought she was sick.

Jack was quite beside himself with joy and told everybody far and near that his little sister was a "brick." "She is the sunniest little creature," he confided to his chum, "and can beat any sister in town." So Grumbling Katie became Sunshiny Katie, and in quite a short space of time too.

Cherry Time.

When cherry time comes
And the sweet blossoms blow,
Away to the moon and the stars we will go!
And then, I guess, we
Will sit down to tea,
And shake out the crumbs to the fish in
  the sea!

Reminded of the Serpent.

Little Loa was watching the working of a new carpet-sweeper when she said, "It makes me think of Adam and Eve," then she paused, "and the serpent."

"How could it?" inquired her mother.

"Why, in the Bible," replied the child, "it says God told the serpent it should crawl on the ground and eat dust."

Envied by Many.

Mother—Did you enjoy your ice cream soda, Dickie?

Dickie—Yes, ma; they wuz seven other boys lookin' in the winder at me.

An Object Lesson.

Bobby (looking out of the window)—What's the matter with that horse mamma?

Mother—The horse is disobedient, Bobby; he won't obey his driver.

Bobby—Well, what's the man patting him him for?

Mother—He is coaxing him.

Bobby (with an injured air)—That ain't the way you treat me when I'm disobedient.

Not Much to Eat.

Little Ethel (horrified)—We've invited too many children to our tea party. There isn't enough for them to get more than a bite each!

Little Dot (resignedly)—That's too bad. We'll have to call it an 'at home.

The Monumental Story-Teller.

Chauncey M. Depew recently called at the house of a friend, where he attracted the attention of a bright boy of 8. The boy asked his father who was that man? when the senator had departed.

"That is Senator Depew," answered the father, "the greatest story-teller in the world."

A few days later the senator called at the same house, and the small boy advanced and said:

"I know you."

"Indeed, and who am I?"

"My papa says you are the biggest liar on earth."

The Problem Answered.

"What is home without a mother?"

"An incubator, I guess."

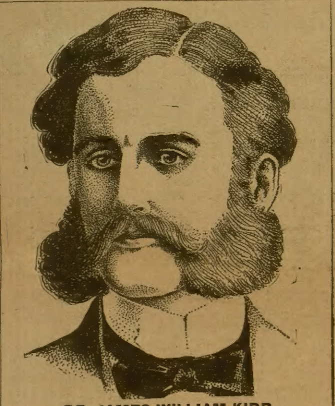
WONDERFUL MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

REMARKABLE REMEDIES THAT CURE ALL DISEASES.

The Famous Doctor, Discoverer and Scientist, James William Kidd, Now Offers to Every Afflicted Person a Free Treatment.

EIGHTEEN THOUSAND LAST MONTH

The readers of this paper have, during the past few months, learned something about the wonderful medical discoveries of the now justly famous Dr. Kidd, of Fort Wayne, Ind., and the remarkable success which he was having in curing diseases that had previously been considered incurable. You will probably be interested in knowing that this unparalleled record of success is constantly increasing. During the past month eighteen thousand people have applied for and received the free treatment which the doctor now offers to every sufferer. The reports of miraculous cures coming every day are the greatest tribute to this great physician's ability. Hundreds of letters like the following have been received. Mrs. M. A. Ames, of Peek, Kan., says: "It helped me from the first dose. I am now cured." Mr. H. Viola, Soldiers' Home, New Orleans, says: "In six days I was cured of a severe case of Kidney and Bladder trouble." Mrs. M. E. Drummond, Lindsey, Pa.: "Dr. Kidd's free treatment relieved me of intense suffering." Hundreds of letters of heartfelt gratitude similar to the above have been and are being constantly received by Dr. Kidd. All these as the result of the free treatment.



DR. JAMES WILLIAM KIDD.

ALL DISEASES CURED.

Every disease to which human flesh is heir is represented in these letters. The so-called incurable diseases being as numerous as the less serious cases. A letter from Cliff Latimer, of Loveland, O., gives the details of his miraculous cure of consumption as follows: "I had consumption, was examined by four prominent doctors, one of whom, a specialist, made an examination of the sputa and pronounced my disease pulmonary consumption, and told me that there was no hope. I weighed 120 pounds. Now I am well and strong. Every trace of the disease has left and I weigh 170 pounds. It has been over a year since I took Dr. Kidd's Treatment, so I know that the cure is permanent." Abraham Trauger, of Lambertville, N. J., afflicted with locomotor ataxia, a disease pronounced incurable by the medical profession, tells of his cure after years of suffering: "When I commenced treatment with Dr. Kidd for locomotor ataxia, I could not walk across the floor. Since finishing treatment I have not lost a day from my work as foreman of the Lamberville Rubber Co." Thomas J. Halferty, of Brimfield, Ind., writes as follows: "Dr. Kidd cured my son of a severe case of Bright's disease after he was passing large quantities of blood in the urine." The record of such miraculous cures would fill a book. Sufferers from consumption, Bright's disease, dropsy, paralysis, heart disease, locomotor ataxia and other dangerous diseases have been restored to health. The common chronic diseases such as rheumatism, kidney trouble, catarrh, female troubles, bronchitis, hay fever, epilepsy (Fits), chronic coughs, lumbago, bladder troubles, scrofula, impure bloood, skin diseases, goitre, piles, bowel troubles, general debility, nervousness, etc., are cured in so short a time that it seems almost a miracle.

A HOME TREATMENT.

An important feature which recommends this wonderful treatment rightly called "The Elixir of Life," is the fact that it can be used at home by anyone. The remedies are simple in composition, harmless to the most delicate system, but a secret known to no other living doctor. Careful personal attention is given to the selection of the treatment sent each patient. A treatment is never prepared by Dr. Kidd until a complete diagnosis of each case has been made. A copy of this diagnosis, giving the nature of the disease or diseases, causes and probable results, is sent with each free treatment. This careful attention to each case is partially responsible for the doctor's remarkable success.

DR. KIDD'S HONESTY AND RELIABILITY.

Three National banks in Fort Wayne vouch for Dr. Kidd's reliability. Ministers, City and County Officials, Professional and Business Men all unite in giving him the heartiest endorsement. Fort Wayne is proud of her distinguished doctor. One and all say that his success is deserved by his ability, honesty and industry. To the doctor the good-will of his fellow-townsmen and the expressions of gratitude from the thousands to whom he has given the blessings of vigorous manhood and womanhood are sufficient to pay for the years spent in patient study and experiment. To make known to every suffering person in the world the fact that there has at last been discovered a treatment which will positively cure all diseases he has made the following remarkable offer:

A FREE TREATMENT.

Dr. Kidd offers to send to every applicant a free treatment. There are no restrictions whatever. No matter what your disease, no matter of how long standing, or how many remedies or doctors you have tried, this treatment will cure you and it costs you only a postage stamp to find this out for yourself. The doctor's generous nature, his sense of fairness and his faith in his remedies are all clearly shown by this liberal offer. Nothing can possibly remove all doubts as quickly as actual trial. When this is offered absolutely free, every sick person should take advantage of it. You cannot afford to be skeptical when your health is at stake. In applying for a free treatment give the doctor a description of your case or state what disease or diseases you want cured. You will receive the free treatment by return mail, postage paid.

To secure personal attention address the doctor's private office as follows:

DR. JAMES W. KIDD,
128 Baltes Blk., - Fort Wayne, Ind.

NOTE.—Dr. Kidd's Endorsements Establish His Honesty Beyond All Question. We Would Advise all Our Readers to Take Advantage of His Liberal Offer if in Need of Medical Treatment.

When writing mention Chicago Ledger. When writing mention Chicago Ledger. When writing Mention Chicago Ledger.